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GATHERED SHEAVES,

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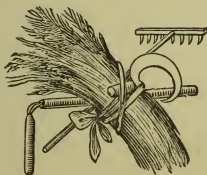
Sunday School Concerts,

AND BIBLE SERVICES.

BY

EDMUND CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "PEARLS RE-SET," ETC.

"The harvest gathered in the fields of the Past, is to be brought home for the use of the present."



BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT.
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Dedication.

TO THE TEACHERS

OF

MY SUNDAY SCHOOL, VALLEY FALLS,

WHOSE CHEERFUL, AND ACTIVE CO-OPERATION

IN SABBATH SCHOOL WORK, HAS SO

OFTEN LIGHTENED THE LABORS

AND DUTIES OF THEIR

SUPERINTENDENT,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

E. C.

692480

P R E F A C E .

THE success which has attended previous volumes, and the constantly increasing demand for exercises for use in the Sunday School Concert, has led the author to arrange and compile this book of "Gathered Sheaves."

It is divided, for convenience, into five departments. "Primary Class Exercises," and "Selections for Primary Class Recitations," are designed for what was formerly known as "The Infant Class," now called "The Primary Class," composed usually of boys and girls from seven to ten years of age. The words in these exercises and selections are simple, easily understood, and can be committed to memory by the smallest of scholars.—"Class Recitations" is intended for teachers who are always inquiring, "What shall I have for my class to recite at the next Concert?"

"General Exercises" are for use by the school at large. These exercises are all new, (excepting "Rock of Ages," and "Bear the Cross — Wear the Crown," published in the Baptist Teacher, and inserted by request in this collection,) and have never been published before. They are void of

sensationalism, and, if recited in a proper manner, deeply interesting, and will serve to make gospel truth more impressive. While some are particularly adapted to special occasions, any of them may be used at any season of the year, with great profit. "Poetical Selections," for Adult Scholars, comprises a series of poems of a class which is always desirable in the Concert.

In preparing *Gathered Sheaves*, much assistance has been derived, and copious extracts made, from compilations of religious poetry, such as the *Changed Cross*, *Shadow of the Rock*, *Cheering Words*, *Chamber of Peace*, *Under the Cross*, and others of a like character. These exceedingly useful books, should be in the library of all Sunday School workers.

Let it always be borne in mind, that the Real Sunday School Concert is a service of devotion, to be characterized by so much warmth and fervor, that it may be the instrument of doing great good, and of bringing many souls into the kingdom of God.

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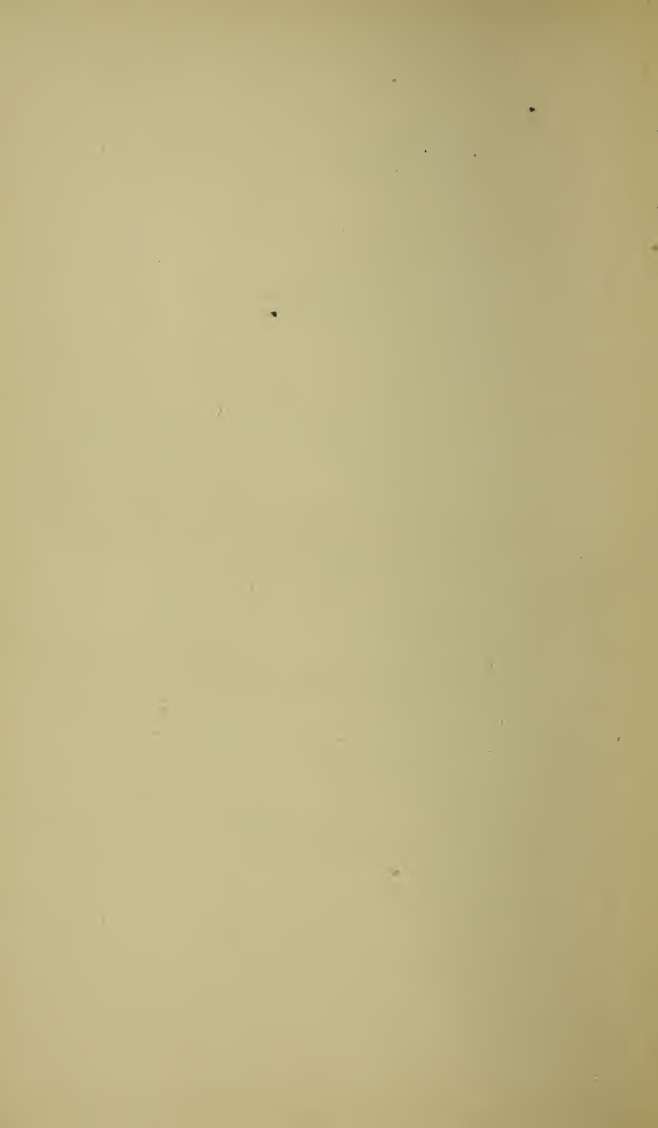
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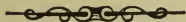




S E V E N

PRIMARY CLASS

EXERCISES.



ALPHABET OF INTEMPERANCE.

This little exercise is especially adapted to the Primary Class. Prepare banners or cards, and place upon them the different letters of the alphabet, taking care to have the letters large enough to be seen in the extreme end of the room. The first scholar is to come forward, display his letter and recite his verse; then the second proceeds in like manner, taking position beside the first; then the third, and so on until all have recited and all the letters of the alphabet have been shown. The last verse to be recited together. Close the exercise by singing "The Bird's Song," found in "The Golden Chain," page 60.

THE EXERCISE.

A.

First, —

A is for ALCOHOL, the curse of mankind,
It poisons the body and ruins the mind;
It's the base of all brandies, of whiskies and gins,
Of ciders and wines and numerous sins.

B.

Second, —

B is for BEER, in which lightly mixed
It hides its base nature till the taste is quite fixed;
Then rum, gin, and brandy soon follows its track,
Rob the mouth of its food, with rags clothe the back.

C.

Third, —

C is for CUSTOMS, which bind us in chains,
Destroying our reason, debasing our brains,
From which all should break without waiting a day,
There's danger in waiting, there's death in delay.

D.

Fourth, —

D is for DRUNKARD, now bloated and vile,
Once an object of love, an innocent child,
He thought if he sipped, 'twould do him no harm,
He was confirmed as a sot, ere he took the alarm.

E.

Fifth, —

E is for ENEMY of virtue and grace,
Our worst one is rum, O pray do not taste ;
It deceives and relieves us of money and sense,
Fills our faces with blotches, our garments with rents.

F.

Sixth, —

F is for FOOLS who will take no advice,
But follow their fancies and think themselves wise,
For father or mother they care not a whit,
But start with a leer on the road to the pit.

G.

Seventh, —

G is for GOODNESS, which none ever reach,
Who, cursed by the cup, are silly of speech ;
And likewise for GUTTER, the drunkard's soft bed,
Where, with swine for companions, he oft lays his head.

H.

Eighth, —

H is for HATRED of vice and sin,
Of beer, wine and cider, of brandy and gin ;
And likewise for HOUSE, which more might possess
If they'd banish the cup, their sole cause of distress.

I.

Ninth.

I is for INN, where these poisons are sold,
O, shun it like death, you can't be too bold
In marching away from places so vile,
We're near enough to them when from them a mile.

J.

Tenth, —

J is for JUG, the toper's dear friend,
It's filled full of quarrels and fights without end;
With riots and murders, too many to name,
The friend of disgrace, the companion of shame.

K.

Eleventh, —

K is for KING, we'll bow to no other
Than the Lord our Creator, our Friend and our brother,
We'll fight 'gainst the king that befuddles and blinds,
Imprisons our bodies, debases our minds.

L.

Twelfth, —

L is for LOAFER, either bloated or lean,
There's no object in nature one-quarter so mean;
He hangs round the dram shops, that once in a while
Some toper with "stamps" may ask him to smile.

M.

Thirteenth, —

M is for MONEY in the dram-seller's till,
He gave nothing for it but damnation distilled;
Other children grow lean that his may grow fat,
Others in rags, his in silk and "a" that.

N.

Fourteenth; —

N is for NO, O never you fear
To speak it up loud when the tempter is near.
It has saved many thousands from sin and from vice;
O speak it when tempted, it will help you to rise.

O.

Fifteenth, —

O is for **ONSLAUGHT**, which at once should be made
 In right sober earnest on the dram-seller's trade;
 And the fight kept agoing, till not a sip or a taste
 Can e'en be secured in the most fashionable place.

P.

Sixteenth, —

P is for **POLITICIAN**, who hath a slight taint
 Of Pontius Pilate, his great patron saint;
 He smirks and he smiles, but, with a spring and a bound,
 He lands on the side where an office is found.

Q.

Seventeenth, —

Q is for **QUARTERS** where the drunkard doth sleep,
 With less sense in his head than in the head of a sheep,
 And likewise for **QUARTERS** in his pockets not found,
 Because 'mong the dram shops he's squandered them round.

R.

Eighteenth, —

R is for **RYE** which, though nature produces,
 Is oft basely perverted to Satan's vile uses.
 It's rotted and sweated, distilled and bedevilled,
 Till it's the cause of base riots, of murders and revels.

S.

Nineteenth, —

S is for **SENSE** which, speedily fled,
 At the sight of the cup, from the dram-drinkers head.
 And likewise for Satan, the father of liars,
 To make sots of dear children he basely aspires.

T.

Twentieth, —

T is for **TIPPLER**, he's got the right start
 To beggar his children, to break his wife's heart;
 Sheriffs, prisons and gallows await in his track,
 He'll be soon in their clutches if he doesn't turn back.

U.

Twenty-first, —

U is for UN-CARED-FOR little children of sin,
Whose parents get drunk again and again;
And likewise for UNCLEAN, which fitly applies
To all who thus follow the father of liars.

V.

Twenty-second, —

V is for VAGABOND, the legitimate child
Of wine bibb-ling habits (that's drawing it mild):
And likewise for VIRTUE which all may embrace
Who'll drink nought but water and seek for true grace.

W.

Twenty-third, —

W is for WRETCH, completely undone
He approaches his doom, his race is nigh run.
He's travelled the path of temptation so bright,
That ends in despair, in darkness, in night.

X.

Twenty-fourth, —

X is for EXCUSES to taste of the glass,
We'd think they'd play out, but they still seem to last;
First one is weary, then sick, then cold, and then hot,
He tipples for all, till he's known as a sot.

Y.

Twenty-fifth, —

Y is for YOUTH, the time to begin
To love virtue and truth, to fight against sin;
The time to make choice of the road we would go,
To a heaven of joy, or a kingdom of woe.

Z.

Twenty-sixth, —

Z is for ZENITH of goodness and truth,
Which all may attain, who start right in youth;
And likewise for ZEAL, which all should possess
Who live to relieve from sin and distress.

ALL.

And now my dear friends of liquor beware,
That prove to our race a delusion and snare,
But drink the pure water which wisdom designed
In the counsels of heaven, as the drink for mankind.



COME UNTO ME.

This exercise is taken from the singing book: "*The River of Life.*" It is there arranged with music which will add much to its effectiveness. Ten little banners or cards are to be prepared with letters on each one forming when all exhibited — Come unto me, — the banners or cards being exposed to view as each one recites his verse.

ALL RECITE.

How dear is the Saviour, how sacred his charms,
In his love and his kindness displayed,
When he took little children up into his arms,
Kindly blessing them tenderly said :
"O dear little children, O, come unto me,
Far and wide let the tidings be given,
And never forbid them, whoever they be,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

C.

1st. Child, —

What he said that you may see,
We will spell it word by word ;
I have brought the letter C,
Here it is upon my card.

O.

2nd Child, —

Next in order I will show
What the second letter is,
And present the solemn O,
Often used in prayer and praise.

M.

3rd Child, —

And my aid I bring to them,
Helping in the good design ;
Here behold the letter M,
Takes its place along the line.

E.

4th Child —

Others have preceded me,
And their letters are but dumb ;
But I bring the letter E,
And one word is written : *Come.*

U.

5th Child, —

There is yet a work to do,
Ere the precious words are known ;
And I bring the letter U,
As you see it, plainly shown.

N.

6th Child, —

Cheerfully, I join the train,
Willing to enact a part :
And display the letter N,
On the card above my heart.

T.

7th Child, —

And I come, that you may see,
As the growing words appear,
That we need the letter T,
To unfold and make them clear.

O.

8th Child, —

I suppose you almost know,
What should next appear to view;
And if I display an O,
You will whisper — *O, Unto.*

M.

9th Child, —

Yet the words we would proclaim
Are not all before you shown,
And we need the letter M,
Or they must remain unknown.

E.

10th Child, —

Every one preceding me,
Full a lettered card displays,
But it takes the letter E,
To complete the spoken phrase.

ALL.

We thank our Redeemer for all his kind love,
Which he gave our young spirits to bless ;
For the words that he spake, 'ere ascending above,
To the mansions of glory and rest,
We'll always remember the words of the text,
Which we now in your presence have given,
For 'twas our dear Saviour said, "Come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

ALL FOR JESUS.

This little exercise will be found to be very interesting if recited in a clear distinct manner. The manner of recitation is the same as given in previous exercises.

A.

1st Scholar, —

The alphabet begins with *A*,
So, I'm the first my speech to say.

L.

2nd Scholar, —

We'll pass right on, and rest at *L*,
For we've something very sweet to spell.

L.

3rd Scholar, —

We'll use again the letter *L*,
The word it ends you all see well.

F.

4th Scholar, —

We now bring out this pretty *F*,
And name it loud, lest some be deaf;

O.

5th Scholar, —

I'll hold up high this great round *O*,
While I stand in the middle of the row.

R.

6th Scholar, —

I hope you all see my letter *R*,
Those who are near, and those who are far.

J.

7th Scholar, —

The next word begins with *J*,
But what it is I'll not now say.

E.

8th Scholar, —

Next to *J*, I'll place my *E*
In such a way that all may see.

S.

9th Scholar, —

Pray don't forget my crooked *S*,
I'm sure you would not wish it less.

U.

10th Scholar, —

Now, at last, we have come to *U*,
Which shows that we are almost through.

S.

11th Scholar, —

If you ask if the last letter is *S*,
I'll speak out loud and answer — Yes.

ALL RECITE SLOWLY:

“All for Jesus,” thus we spell,
A sweeter motto none can tell,
Trouble and fear it will dispell,
Sickness and sorrow it will quell.
With joy and peace our bosoms swell,
For we hope at last with Him to dwell.

SING : — “All for Jesus.” *Winnowed*
Hymns, p. 63.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

All the class recite : — 1st. These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of *them*, and embraced *them*, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

14 For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country.

15 And truly if they had been mindful of that *country*, from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned :

16 But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God : for he hath prepared for them a city. Heb. ii : 13, 16.

1st Scholar recites :

Little pilgrims zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.

There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win,
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little pilgrims in.

2nd Scholar — A Girl,

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?

3rd Scholar — A Boy,

I, from Greenland's frozen land.

4th Scholar — A Boy.

I, from India's sultry plain.

5th Scholar — A Boy.

I, from Afric's barren sand.

6th Scholar — A Boy.

I, from islands of the main.

3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Scholars recite in concert :

All our earthly journeys past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky.

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conqu'rors over sin and death,
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little pilgrims in.

All the class recite :— Eye hath not seen,
nor ear heard, neither have entered into the
heart of man, the things which God hath
prepared for them that love him—1 Cor.
2: 9.

ALL THE CLASS SING :—Royal Diadem,
page 71.

We are little pilgrims,
Hoping, hoping,
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on.
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom **are**,
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on.

We are little soldiers,
Fighting, fighting,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on.
Warring 'gainst the powers of **sin**,
Foes without and foes within,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on.



WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

Note.— This exercise is designed for thirteen scholars. The *first* scholar recites the recitation, The Clock, and the others follow in their regular order, all singing the song at the close of the recitations.

RECITATION.

THE CLOCK.

First,— “See the neat oaken clock !
In the centre it stands,
And it points at the time
With its two pretty hands.

The one shows the minutes,
The other the hour,
As you often may see
In a church or high tower.

The pendulum swinging
Inside the clock case,
Sends the two pretty hands
Round its neat little face.

There’s a nice little bell,
Which the hammer does knock;
And when you hear that,
You may tell what’s o’clock.”

Second,—

What says the clock when it strikes *One*?
“Watch!” says the clock, “oh, watch, little one.”

Third, —

What says the clock when it strikes *Two*?
“Love God, little darling, for God loves you.”

Fourth, —

Tell me now softly, what it whispers at *Three*?
“Suffer little children to come unto me.”

Fifth, —

Then come, gentle lambs, come and wander no more:
’Tis the Good Shepherd that calls thee at *Four*.

Sixth, —

And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,
When it echoes so swiftly, God bless thee at *Five*.

Seventh, —

And remember at *Six*, with the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that passeth away.

Eighth, —

What says the clock when it strikes *Seven*?
“Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.”

Ninth, —

And what says the clock when it strikes *Eight*?
“Strive ye all to enter in at the Beautiful Gate.”

Tenth, —

And louder, still louder, it calls thee at *Nine*,
“Give me, my son, that proud heart of thine.”

Eleventh, —

Then sweet be your voices responsive at *Ten*,
“Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna! Amen!”

Twelfth, —

And loud let the chorus sing on till *Eleven*,
“Praise be to the Father, the Father in heaven.”

Thirteenth, —

Till the deep stroke of midnight the watchword shall bring,
Lo, these are my jewels, I will gather them in.

FLORAL EXERCISE.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Directions. Five little girls come out, form in line, the middle one holding a small white banner trimmed with flowers.

FIRST GIRL.

I'm a blue violet, modest and meek,
Down in the lowlands my home I seek ;
Down where the meadows are green and fair,
Sweet with the breath of the morning air.

SECOND GIRL.

I'm a pink daisy, and sweet I grow,
Out of the cold earth, under the snow ;
Lifting my head with a smile I sing,
"O, welcome thee back, thou beautiful spring."

THIRD GIRL.

I'm a sweet rose bud just ready to bloom,
Filling the air with my rich perfume :
Dews in the morning, like stars in the sky,
Welcome, oh, welcome, for summer is nigh.

FOURTH GIRL.

I'm a sweet lily, with fairy bell,
Blooming alone in a quiet dell,
Where the brook warbles its silvery song,
Over and over the whole day long.

ALL JOIN IN SINGING:— Air— “Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.”

We are little children,
Like the flowers that grow
By the silvery fountains,
Where they flow,
Like the buds and blossoms,
Smiling all the day,
We would be as sweet as they.
Pure as a lily, striving to be,
Seeking our Saviour, happy are we:
Cheering all that see us,
And with winning way (all point up)
Pointing to the realms of day.



GOD'S WORKS.

FIRST.

There's not tints that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

SECOND.

At early dawn there's not a gale,
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
But is not sent by heaven.

THIRD.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

FOURTH.

There's not a tempest dark and drear,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

FIFTH.

There's not a star whose twinkling light,
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

SIXTH.

There's not a cloud whose dews distil,
Upon the parched clod,
And clothe with verdure hill and vale,
That is not sent by God.

SEVENTH.

There's not a leaf within the bower ;
There's not a bird upon the tree ;
There's not a dewdrop on the flower ;
But bears the impress Lord of thee.

EIGHT.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tones ;
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

NINTH.

Yes, dewdrops, leaves, and birds, and all,
The smallest like the greatest things,
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim thee king of kings.

TENTH.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not seen,
For God is everywhere.

ALL.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends ;
There God displays his boundless love,
And power and mercy blends.

ELEVENTH.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green ;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

TWELFTH.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all we see ;
It comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful should we be.

THIRTEENTH.

God made the pretty bird to fly,
How sweetly has she sung;
And though she flies so very high,
She'll not forget her young.

FOURTEENTH.

God made the water for my drink,
He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit,
O, how should I love him.

ALL.

Then, wake, our souls, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse;
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

ALL SING : — Children's Praise. *River of
Life, p. 87.*





SELECTIONS FOR
PRIMARY CLASS
RECITATIONS.





Note. These “Selections for Primary Class Recitations” are almost wholly composed of poems with words of one syllable, and in very simple language; as such we think they will prove to be welcome to the Primary Class teacher.

BUSY HANDS AND FEET

Little white hands have never
Known what it is to work.
Yet they are busy ever,
With never a wish to shirk.

Never a moment idle,
Never at all o’ertasked;
Whatever mamma calls for,
Bringing as soon as asked.

Bringing the slippers for papa,
And with them an evening kiss;
Waiting to have his blessing
Fill her with happiness.

Placing a chair for mamma,
Without being asked at all;
Soothing the fretting baby,
Shaking her rattle small.

Playing when papa’s reading,
Still as a little mouse;
Never with clash and clatter
Righting her little house,

Never intrusive, only
Ready to come and go
As papa or mamma wishes,
Little face all aglow.

You may talk of your household jewels,
But ours is the richest yet;
O, what a priceless treasure
We have in our little pet!

Ready at every one's bidding,
With fingers so nimble and neat;
Never such dutiful servants
At these little hands and feet.



GOD'S BLESSING.

FOR FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN,

1ST CHILD.

God bless my two little feet, (pointing to the feet),
 So they may never stray,
 But swiftly and joyfully tread
 In the strait and narrow way.

2ND CHILD.

God bless my two little hands (holding them up);
 Ne'er may they strike or destroy;
 But quick be, and willing alway,
 For kind and loving employ.

3RD CHILD.

God bless my two little eyes (pointing to the eyes);
 May they be open to see
 All my dear father in heaven
 Has done for poor little me.

4TH CHILD.

God bless my two little ears (pointing to the ears);
 Ready may they be to hear,
 The voice of my Saviour, who wipes
 Away the penitent tear.

5TH CHILD.

God bless my two little lips (laying the hand on the lips)
 Let sweet words of prayer and praise,
 Let pity and kindness and love,
 Dwell on them the rest of my days.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR JESUS?

What can we do for Jesus,
This little Sabbath Band?
How can we aid in spreading
The gospel through the land?

How can we pull down error,
How root out sin and vice,
When they are all so mighty,
So low and weak our voice?

I know I can love Jesus,
And this I try to do;
And I can tell to others
That my heart is made anew.

I can't do much for Jesus,
But this one thing I'll do,—
I'll try and not displease him,
But seek his will to know.



HOW TO BE GOOD.

FOR THREE CHILDREN.

All. We children three, a happy band,
Before our friends assembled stand,
To thank our Father for this sight,
And for the pleasant Sabbath light.

First. I am the oldest, as you see,
And I must an example be;
Must strive to do the things I'm told,
And for the truth be firm and bold.

In patience I must bear with brother,
Teach him to love and care for mother;
Be kind to little sister here,
And love and pray for father dear.
And I must pray to Jesus, too,
To cleanse my heart and make it new,
That I may love him while I live
And when I die a crown receive.

Second. I'm not as old as brother yet,
But I have heard, and don't forget,
That Jesus died for such as I,
That we might not forever die.
And if I love and serve him here
With holy love and holy fear,
Then I shall dwell in heaven above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

Third. I am a very little child,
And sometimes I am very wild;
And do not do the things I'm taught,
Nor love the Saviour as I ought.
But I will ask him, when I pray,
To take my naughty thoughts away,
And make me loving, good, and mild,
And fit to be his holy child.

All. Father in heaven, our hearts keep pure,
Preserve us from all sin;
And save us all in heaven above
For Jesus' sake. Amen.



THE BROOK.

The brook upon its way
Wider and wider grows ;
Like a song it sounds along,
All the way it goes.

Sometimes clear as glass
Glides the water by ;
As we look upon the brook,
There we see the sky.

Thus my soul would be
Growing every day ;
Thus would raise a song of praise
Ever on the way.

Like the water pure,
Purified from sin ;
Like the brook, when deep I look,
Heaven be found within.



THE MORNING STAR.

I once beheld a little star,
The only one that shone ;
And like a small, bright jewel there
It twinkled all alone.

'Twas Venus, in its small, bright sphere,
The little light o'erspread ;
For still it lingered in the sky,
When all the rest had fled.

Ah, this reminds me of the star
That once o'er Bethlehem staid,
To guide the wise men to the place
Where our blest Saviour laid.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

I asked the joyous bird, who taught him how to fly,
And sing such pretty songs in the bright blue sky ;
He told me it was God who had given him his wings,
And taught him how to build his nest, as well as how to sing.

I asked the lovely little flower who gave her perfume sweet,
And dressed her in her velvet coat, so beautiful and neat ;
She told me it was God who had clothed her with such care,
And taught her how to breathe such sweets upon the evening
air.

I asked the little twinkling star who taught him how to shine,
And run with such a steady pace along his proper line ;
He told me it was God who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp to cheer the winter night.

Since all things, then, look up to God — the flower, the star, the
bird, —
And all obey his holy laws, and listen to his holy word,
I, too, although a child, will try his bidding to obey,
That I may learn to please Him, too, and serve as well as they.



THE KIND ANGEL.

There is an angel who from Heaven comes,
To bless and comfort all the little ones.
Guess who it is, so good and mild,
And gentle to each little child.
I'll tell thee: It came from God above,
And the spirit's name is : "Mother's Love."

SAMUEL.

Once in the silence of the night,
The lamp of God was clear and bright ;
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel, the child, serenely slept.

An unknown voice the stillness broke :
" Samuel," it called, and thrice it spoke :
He rose : he asked ; " Whence came the word ?
" From Eli ? " — No ; it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions filled his breast,
And Israel, taught by him, was blest.



IMPORTANCE OF THE BIBLE.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts makes us truly wise :
We hate the sinner's road ;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O, God.

Thy truths are everlasting truths ;
How pure is every page ;
That holy book shall guide our youth ;
And well support our age.

THE FROZEN STAR.

A snow-flake left its lofty home,
In fleecy clouds afar,
And gently dropped upon the ground,
A perfect little star.

Its tiny points grew thin at first,
Then melted quite away;
And soon a sullied, shapeless thing,
The hapless snow-flake lay.

The soul is like that starry flake,
A thing of heavenly birth;
Its holy beauties fade away
Beneath the touch of earth.



EVENING HYMN.

Father, heavenly Father, hear me;
Bless thy little lambs to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.



OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

THE ANGEL GUARD.

A little girl knelt down to pray,
 As she was used to do,
 "God guard my sister every day,
 And baby brother too."

God heard in heaven the simple prayer,
 And bade an angel fly,
 To take the children in his care,
 And every want supply.

They saw him not; but he was there,
 Their strong and glorious friend,
 Still hovering o'er them everywhere,
 To succor and defend.

From morn till eve his mighty arm
 Averted every ill;
 From eve till morn, a child from harm,
 His wing was o'er them still.



THE SEASONS.

First Child, (representing *Spring*).

Hark, the little birds are singing;
 Winter's gone, and summer's near;
 See, the tender grass is springing,
 And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the winter and the spring?
 Who painted all the flowers?
 Who taught the little birds to sing,
 And made these hearts of ours?

O, 'tis God, how good he is:
 He does every blessing give;
 All this happy world is his,
 Let us love him while we live.

Second Child, (representing *Summer*).

'Tis summer, glorious summer;
Behold the glad green earth,
How from her bosom
The herb and flower spring forth;
These are her rich thanksgivings;
The incense floats above;
Father, what may we offer?
Thy chosen flower is love.

Third Child, (representing *Autumn*).

Autumn has come so bare and gray,
The woods are brown and red,
The flowers all have passed away
The forest leaves are dead.

The little birds at morning dawn,
Clothed in warm coats of feather,
Conclude that they away will roam
To seek for milder weather.

The robin gives his last sweet strain,
His mate responding, follows;
And then away they lead the train
Of blue birds, wrens, and swallows.

Fourth Child, representing *Winter*).

Stern winter throws his icy chains
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless, the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

When General Washington was young,
About as big as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a wilful lie.

Once when he cut his father's tree,
He owned it to his face ;
And then his father ardently
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more,
To find him own the truth
Than if his trees were bending o'er,
With rich and golden fruit.

Then like this good and noble youth,
Whose virtues ever shone ;
I'll seek the paths of love and truth,
And all my faults will own.



GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
I now lay my little head ;
And the rain, and wind, and storm,
Cannot come too nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go ;
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.
And I'll lift my heart in prayer
To the God that dwells above ;
Thank him for his watch and care,
And for all his tender love.

JUNE ROSES.

I plucked a tiny rosebud,
And wore it through the day,
Its gentle fragrance cheered me
In all my busy way.

As night came on it withered,
And so I laid it by,
Although I felt unwilling
To have it droop and die.

O pleasant month of roses,
Why pass so soon away ?
Thy blossoms are so lovely,
Why not *forever* stay ?

But ah ! I must not question
The great Creator's plan ;
His *wise, eternal* purpose
He justly hides from man.

And yet to my poor reason
There comes this question plain —
If life were *all* June roses,
What good would it attain ?



DO RIGHT.

I love to do right,
And I love the truth ;
And I'll always love them,
While in my youth.

Aed when I grow old,
And when I grow gray,
I will love them still,
Depart who may.

THE FLOWERS.

How lovely are the flowers,
That in the valley smile ;
They seem like forms of angels.
Pure, and free from guile.

But one thing mars their beauty,
It does not always last ;
They droop, and fade, and wither,
Long e'er the summer's past.

And I am like the flower
That blooms in fragrant May ;
When days of sickness find me,
Then I shall fade away.

Then let me seek the beauty
That God alone can give ;
For when this life is over,
That will forever live.



THE CHILD IN HEAVEN.

A little child who loves to pray,
And read his Bible too,
Shall rise above the sky one day,
And sing as angels do.
Shall live in heaven that world above
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

Look up, dear children, see that star,
Which shines so brightly there ;
But you shall brighter shine by far,
When in that world so fair ;
A harp of gold you each shall have,
And sing the power of Christ to save.

LITTLE THINGS.

Very little things are we,
Oh how mild we all should be ;
Never quarrel, never fight,
That would be a shocking sight.

Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams ;
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good,
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could.

To-morrow the sweet Sabbath comes,
Which our merciful father has given,
That we may have rest from our work,
And prepare for the Sabbath of heaven.



FLOWERS.

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell :
And oh, how beautiful they are,
How sweetly too they smell.

The little birds, they spring along
And look so glad and gay ;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

WHERE IS GOD ?

In the sun, the moon, and sky
On the mountains wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds that sing ;
God is seen in everything.



EVENING PRAYER.

The sun has gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower ;
The young bird slumbers in its nest,
Within the leafy bower.

Where have I been this day ?
Into what folly run ?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
Through Jesus Christ thy son.



INFANT'S PRAYER.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek and mild.

I, thy little lamb would be ;
Jesus, I would follow thee ;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.



CLASS RECITATIONS.





CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

A.

The Christian should be *Attentive*.

To him the porter openeth, and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.—John 10: 3, 4.

B.

The Christian should be *Blameless*.

That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.—Phil. 2: 15.

C.

The Christian should be *Contrite*.

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.—Isa. 57: 15.

D.

The Christian should be *Devout*.

A devout man, according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews.—Acts 22: 12.

E.

The Christian should be *Earnest*.

Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.—Acts 2 : 1.

F.

The Christian should be *Faithful*.

These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them; for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.—Rev. 17: 14.

G.

The Christian should be *Godly*.

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself; the Lord will hear when I call unto him.—Psa. 4: 3.

H.

The Christian should be *Humble*.

Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.—1 Pet. 5: 5.

I.

The Christian should be *Incorruptible*.

Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.—1 Pet. 1: 23.

J.

The Christian should be *Just*.

And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout.—Luke 2: 25.

K.

The Christian should be *Kind*.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brothely love; in honor preferring one another.—Rom. 12: 10.

L.

The Christian should be *Loving*.

But as touching brotherly love ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another.—1 Thes., 4: 9.

M.

The Christian should be *Meek*.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.—Matt. 5: 5.

N.

The Christian should be *Noble*.

For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called.—1 Cor., 1: 26.

O.

The Christian should be *Obedient*.

As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance.—1 Pet. 1: 14.

P.

The Christian should be *Patient*.

Patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer. — Rom. 12: 14.

Q.

The Christian should be *Quiet*.

That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.—1 Tim. 2: 2.

R.

The Christian should be *Righteous*.

Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever.—Isa. 60: 21.

S.

The Christian should be *Steadfast*.

For, though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.—Col. 2: 5.

T.

The Christian should be *True*.

By honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true.—2 Cor. 6: 8.

U.

The Christian should be *Upright*.

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.—Ps. 15: 1, 2.

V.

The Christian should be *Vigilant*.

A bishop then must be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach.—1 Tim. 3: 2.

W.

The Christian should be *Watchful*.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.—Luke 12: 37.

X.

The Christian should be ready to *exhort*.

These things speak and exhort, and rebuke, with all authority.—Titus 3: 15.

Y.

The Christian should be *Yielding*.

Even so now yield your members servants to righteousness unto holiness.—Rom. 6: 14.

Z.

The Christian should be *Zealous*.

Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 2: 14.



HE THAT OVERCOMETH.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches:—To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.—Rev. 2: 7.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2: 10.

Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.—Rev. 2: 17.

And he that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations.

And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father.

And I will give him the morning star.—
Rev. 2: 26-28.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.—Rev. 3: 5.

There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky.
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise.
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, *which is* new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and *I will write upon him* my new name. Rev. 3: 12.

Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love:
But, oh, I burn with strong desire
To dwell with thee above.

There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

NAMES BY WHICH HEAVEN IS
KNOWN.

PARADISE.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise. Luke 23 : 43.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

THE KINGDOM.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Matt. 25 : 34.

But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed ;
See the kingdom I bestow :
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

BETTER COUNTRY.

But now they desire a better *country*, that is, an heavenly : wherefore God is not

ashamed to be called their God : for he hath prepared for them a city. Heb. 11 : 16.

There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. 5 : 1.

There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

MOUNT ZION.

But ye are not come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels.

To the general assembly, and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. Heb. 12: 22, 23.

Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. John 14: 1, 2.

There is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;—

My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

CITY OF MY GOD.

Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, *which is new Jerusalem*, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: And *I will write upon him my new name*. Rev. 3: 12.

My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.

His grace through all the desert flows.
An unexhausted stream:
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

NEW JERUSALEM.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. Rev. 21: 2.

JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee!

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold!
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

THIRD HEAVEN.

I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth : such a one, caught up to the third heaven. 2 Cor. 12 : 2.

O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

REST.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Heb. 4 : 9.

No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares, to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon,
O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

I go on pilgrimage. The road in view
Lies fair revealed ;
But, when the sun shall drink the wayside dew,
Be Thou my Shield.

ALL THE CLASS : — For the LORD GOD *is*
a sun and shield : the LORD will give grace
and glory ; no good *thing* will he withhold
from them that walk uprightly.

O LORD of hosts, blessed *is* the man that
trusteth in thee. Psalm 84 : 11, 12.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

The soft winds shifts, and lo, gray mists of doubt,
My pathway hide ;
With bruised feet and hands I grope about ;
Be Thou my Guide.

ALL THE CLASS : — Thou shalt guide me
with thy counsel, and afterward receive me
to glory.

Whom have I in heaven *but thee ? and*
there is none upon earth *that* I desire be-
sides thee. Psalm 73 : 24, 25.

THIRD SCHOLAR.

Now tempest rise, and o'er the wind-swept way
To 'scape the shock,
Seeking some covert vainly as I stray,
Be Thou my Rock.

ALL THE CLASS : — Be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

For thou *art* my rock and my fortress ; therefore for my name's sake lead me, and guide me. Psal. 31 : 2, 3.

FOURTH SCHOLAR.

Though after storm, stealing through sun-touched rift,
Calm comes at length,
O'er borne and prone, mine eyes I may not lift,
Be Thou my Strength.

ALL THE CLASS : — The LORD will give strength unto his people : the LORD will bless his people with peace. Psalm 29 : 11.

SING aloud unto God our strength : make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. Psalm 81 : 1.

FIFTH SCHOLAR.

One draught from Thy life-giving fountain send,
And let me quaff —
Refreshed, I'll gird me for my journey's end ;
Be Thou my Staff.

ALL THE CLASS : Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou *art* with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. —Ps. 23 : 4.

SIXTH SCHOLAR.

When pilgrimage is o'er and life's day lies
Low in the west —
While the night shadows dim my weary eyes,
Be Thou my Rest.

ALL THE CLASS:—Return unto thy rest,
O my soul; for the LORD hath dwelt bounti-
fully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from
death, my eyes from tears, *and* my feet from
falling. Psalm 116 : 7, 8.



HEAVIER THE CROSS.

1ST.

Heavier the Cross, the nearer Heaven;
No cross without, no God within —
Death, judgment from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din.
Oh! happy he with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the Cross.

2ND.

Heavier the Cross, the better Christian;
This is the touch-stone God applies.
How many a garden would be wasting,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes.
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

3D.

Heavier the Cross, the stronger Faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruits;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

4TH.

Heavier the Cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised reeds most fragrant are;
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

5TH.

Heavier the Cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrims of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

6TH.

Heavier the Cross, the easier dying;
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one then is free.
The Cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphs over death.

7TH.

Thou crucified, the Cross I carry,
The longer, may it dearer be:
And lest I faint while here I tarry,
Implant Thou such a heart in me.
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there,
Till for the Cross, my Crown I wear.

OUR STRENGTH.

The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ? the Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ? Ps. 27 : 1.

The Lord is my strength and my shield ; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped : therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth : and with my song will I praise him.

The Lord is their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed. Ps. 28 : 7, 8.

The Lord will give strength unto his people ; the Lord will bless his people with peace. Psa. 29 : 11.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psa. 46 : 1.

Ascribe ye strength unto God : his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places ; the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God. Psa. 68 : 34, 35.

God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Psa. 73 : 26.

The Lord is clothed with strength, where-with he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved. Ps. 93 : 1.

O God, the Lord, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle. Psa. 140 : 7.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall. Isa. 25 : 4.





WOMAN'S MISSION.

Who can find a virtuous woman ? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships : she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion o her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it ; with the fruit of her hand she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good ; her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hands to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household ; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen and selleth it ; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands ; and let her own works praise her in the gates.



HUMILITY.

The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom ; and before honor is humility. Prov. 15 : 33.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honor and life. Prov. 22 : 4.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time : 1 Pet. 5 : 6.

He forgetteth not the cry of the humble. Psa. 9 : 12.

Arise, O Lord ; O God, lift up thine hand ; forget not the humble. Psa. 10 : 12.

Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble : thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thy ear to hear. Psa. 10 : 17.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord ; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. Psa. 34 : 2.

Better it is to be of a humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud. Prov. 16 : 19.

But honor shall uphold the humble in spirit. Prov. 29 : 23.



DAY AND NIGHT.

In his law doth he meditate day and night.—Psa. 1 : 2.

They change the night into day ; the light is short because of darkness.—Job 17 : 12.

He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end.—Job 26 : 10.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me ; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.—Psa. 32 : 4.

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God ?—Psa. 42 : 3.

Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof ; mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it.—Psa. 55 : 10.

The day is thine, the night also is thine ;

thou hast prepared the light and the sun.—
Psa. 74 : 16.

O, Lord God of my salvation, I have cried
day and night before thee.—Ps. 88 : 1.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee ;
but the night shineth as the day ; the dark-
ness and the light are both alike to thee.—
Psa. 139 : 12.

I the Lord do keep it ; I will water it ev-
ery moment ; lest any hurt it, I will keep it
night and day.—Isa. 27 : 3.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O
Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace
day nor night ; ye that make mention of the
Lord, keep not silence.—Isa. 62 : 6.

But it shall be one day which shall be
known to the Lord, not day, nor night ; but
it shall come to pass that at evening time it
shall be light.—Zech. 14 : 7.

And shall not God avenge his own elect,
which cry day and night unto him, though he
bear long with them ? — Luke 18 : 7.

For ye remember, brethren, our labor and
travail : for laboring night and day, because
we would not be chargeable unto any of you,
we preached unto you the gospel of God.—
1 Thes. 2 : 9.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

FIRST.

Christian, walk carefully — danger is near,
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear;
Snares from without and temptation within
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

SECOND.

Christian, walk humbly, exalt not in pride,
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, he directeth thy ways,
To him be the glory, to him be the praise

THIRD.

Christian, walk cheerfully, though the dark storm
Fill the bright sky with the clouds of alarm;
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be passed,
And thou shall dwell safely with Jesus at last.

FOURTH.

Christian, walk steadfastly while it is light;
Swift are approaching the shades of the night;
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

FIFTH.

Christian, walk prayerfully, — oft wilt thou fall,
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

SIXTH.

Christian, walk joyfully — trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory, and this thy reward:
“Enter thou into the joy of our Lord.”

STEADFASTNESS.

For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.—Col. 2, 5.

Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness.

But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—2 Pet. 3: 17, 18.

For then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be steadfast, and shalt not fear.—Job. 11: 15.

For he is the living God, and steadfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end.—Dan. 6: 26.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—1 Cor. 15: 58.

And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing

that, as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation.—2 Cor. 1: 7.

For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.—Heb. 3: 14.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.—Heb. 6: 19.

Whom resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world. 1 Pet. 5: 9.



THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD.

God is the Christian's *Deliverer*.

And he said, The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2 Sam. 22: 2.

Thou our deliverer art, O God ;
Our trust is in thy power ;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

God is the Christian's *Father*.

But now, O LORD, thou art our Father ;

we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand.—Isa. 64: 8.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

God is the Christian's *Guide*.

For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.—Psa. 48: 14.

And the LORD shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.—Isa. 58: 11.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:

God is the Christian's *Glory*.

But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of my head.—Psa. 3: 3.

The LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.—Isa. 60: 19.

O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield, and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

God is the Christian's *Helper*.

Our souls waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield.—Psa. 33: 20.

The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.—Heb. 13: 6.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

God is the Christian's *Habitation*.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.—Psa. 90: 1.

Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.—Psa. 91: 9.

Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

God is the Christian's *King*.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; for unto thee will I pray.—Psa. 5: 2.

Thou art my King, O GOD : command deliverances for Jacob.—Psa. 44 : 4.

Nature with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

God is the Christian's *Keeper*.

Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper : the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.—Psa. 121 : 4, 5.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest :
Thou of every good the Giver,
Blessed be thy name forever.

God is the Christian's *Lawgiver*.

For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king : he will save us.—Isa. 33 : 22.

Now is the time — he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

God is the Christian's *Light*.

The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear ? the Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?—Psa. 27 : 1.

The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

God is the Christian's *Portion*.

But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.—Psa. 73 : 26.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul ; therefore will I hope in him.—Lam. 3 : 24.

God, my supporter and my hope, *
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

God is the Christian's *Redeemer*.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.—Psa. 19 : 14.

Rejoice! the Lord is King ;
Your God and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.

God is the Christian's *Refuge*.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46 : 1.

The Lord of hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge.—Psa. 46 : 11.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when a blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.—Isa. 25 : 4.

To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

God is the Christian's *Salvation*.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust ; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.—Psa. 18 : 2.

God is my strong salvation :
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near ;
Though hosts encamp around me
Firm in the fight I stand :
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand ?

God is the Christian's *Strength*.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46 : 1.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ·
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

God is the Christian's *Shield*.

After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15 : 1.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psa. 84 : 11.

God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect his brightest praise.

God is the Christian's *Tower*.

The God of my rock; in him will I trust;
he is my shield, and the horn of my salvation,
my high tower, and my refuge, my savior;
thou savest me from violence.
2 Sam. 22 : 3.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and
a strong tower from the enemy.—Psa. 61 : 3.

Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.





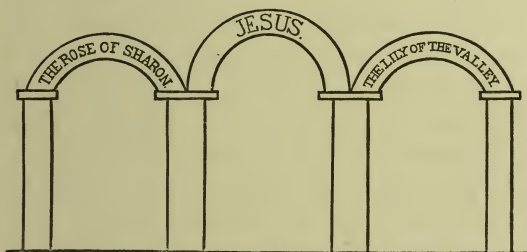
GENERAL EXERCISES.





J E S U S :

THE ROSE OF SHARON, AND THE
LILY OF THE VALLEY.



Directions. Prepare three arches, the center one considerably higher than those on the side, similar to diagram given above. The arches may be made of thin boards at a trifling expense, covering the tops with fancy cardboard and the four standards with evergreen. The letters are to be made of cardboard, and decorated with flowers, taking care to have those forming the word JESUS on the centre arch larger than those designed for the other arches. The arches

and letters may be made of any desired size, and if used at a *Floral Concert* for which it is intended, they should be profusely decorated with flowers; suspend hanging baskets of flowers beneath the centre of each arch, and place beneath them tables with symbolical emblems—a Cross and Crown beneath the middle arch, with Harp and Anchor for the sides. Other decorations of flowers can be added as taste and time suggests. As each scholar recites his portion, his letter is to be placed in position on the arches by some one selected for the purpose. Form the motto *Jesus* first, then “*The Rose of Sharon*,” and “*The Lily of the Valley*.” The peetry used in forming *Jesus* is from an exercise published some years since in “*The Teacher*.”

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING: “Crown him Lord of all.”
Royal Diadem, p. 3.

1st Scholar, “We bring a word of power and grace
Of might and wondrous beauty,
Among these names to have a place
And tell of love and duty.
We bring pure gifts most nobly brought,
Yet to us freely given,
We tell the glories he hath wrought
Who reigns in earth and heaven.”

J.

- 2nd Scholar. "The first is welcome to the heart
Of child or youth or age ;
It never faileth to impart
New life to babe or sage ;
I gladly bring you purest *Joy*,
The gift of Christ without alloy."

J is placed on the Arch.

E.

- 3d Scholar. "The second every Christian needs
To cheer him on the way,
And onward lead to earnest deeds
That mark a well filled day.
I give *Encouragement* from Him
Who's nearest when life's day is dim."

E is placed on the Arch.

S.

- 4th Scholar. "The third assures the trembling soul
When danger hovers nigh ;
Like a sure anchor keeps it whole
Though storms are raging high.
I give *Security* in One
Whose precious name can save alone."

S is placed on the Arch.

U.

- 5th Scholar. "The fourth is sweetest of them all,
No words could touch like these ;
Or out from depths of sin could call
To pure and holy peace.
Undying Love, oh, glorious gift,
That up to Christ our souls can lift."

U is placed on the Arch.

S.

6th Scholar. "The fifth is strength and life most sure,
 Free given us from God ;
 The rock that shall for aye endure
 Relief from every load.
 It is *Salvation*, in it rest
 And be in him forever blest."

S is placed on the Arch.

7th Scholar. "When Jesus came the world's dark night
 Was lighted with His glory ;
 And angels fair on pinions bright
 Came down to tell the story.
 When Jesus died, his work complete,
 The ransom paid to save us,
 E'en death he trampled neath his feet,
 And life eternal gave us.

SINGING : "Precious Name." *Pure Gold*,
 p. 13.

Supt.: We have presented to you the name of *Jesus*, and we now propose to tell you some of the names by which He is called ; by the use of these names or titles we are going to form another title of JESUS, by which He is frequently called and which is the subject of our exercise this evening.

T.

8th. He is called a *Teacher* in John 3 : 2.

The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God ; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

T is placed on the Arch.

H.

9th. He is called a *Hiding Place* in Isa.
 32 : 2.

And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
 Support by thy almighty hand;
 Show forth in me thy saving power;
 Still be thine arm my sure defence;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering be thy love my peace;
 In weakness be thy love my power:
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 O Saviour, in that trying hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

H is placed on the Arch.

E.

10th. He is called *Eternal Life* in 1 John
 5 : 20.

And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.

If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here I may build and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
 Forever sure the promise stands;
 Not all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

E is placed on the Arch.

R.

11th. He is called *Redeemer* in Isa. 59: 20.

And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.

'Twas great to speak a world from naught,

'Twas greater to redeem.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he will stand at the latter day upon the earth.

He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now before his Father, God,
 He pleads the merits of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice armed with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

R is placed on the Arch.

O.

12th. He is called the *Only Begotten* in John 1: 14.

And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, as of the Only Begotten full of grace and truth.

And did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty man might rise?

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,—
 Surprising mercy! love unknown! —
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son
 in whom I am well pleased. Matt. 3: 17.

O is placed on the Arch.

S.

13th. He is called *Saviour* in Luke 2: 10,
 11.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring
 you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people:

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour,
 which is Christ the Lord.

The Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in that blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads delight around.

Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
 In rich profusion flow,
 For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.

Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have
 heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ,
 the Saviour of the world. John 4: 42.

S is placed on the Arch.

E.

14th. He is called *Ensign* in Isa. 11: 10.

And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the gentiles seek; and his rest shall be glorious.

He is the light of men:

His doctrine life imparts:

O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

E is placed on the Arch.

O.

15th. He is called *Off-spring* of David in
Rev. 22: 16.

I am the root and Offspring of David, and the bright and morning star,

'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David's Son and David's Lord,
Sacrificed to bring us favor;
'Tis a true and faithful word.

O is placed on the Arch.

F.

16th. He is called a *Foundation* in Isa. 28:
16.

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste.

Behold the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

F is placed on the Arch.

S.

17th. He is called a *Shepherd* in John 10 :
11.

I am the good shepherd ; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear ;
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father ; and I lay down my life for the sheep. John 10 : 14, 15.

S is placed on the Arch.

H.

18th. He is called the *Head of the Church* in Eph. 5 : 23, 30.

Christ is the head of the church ; and he is the saviour of the body.

For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.

Is he the Head ? each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives ;
The saints below and saints above,
Joined by his spirit and his love

And he is the head of the body, the church.—Col. 1 : 18.

H is placed on the Arch.

A.

19th. He is called our *Advocate* in 1 John
2 : 1.

And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father,
Jesus Christ the righteous.

Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The triumph of his cross.

Extol his kingly power ;
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

A is placed on the Arch,

R.

20th. He is called a *Rock* in 1 Cor. 10 : 4.

And did all drink the same spiritual drink ; for they drank
of the spiritual *Rock*, that followed them ; and that Rock was
Christ.

Is he a Rock? how firm he proves ;
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

For who is God save the Lord ! or who is a rock save our
God? Psa. 18 : 31.

R is placed on the Arch.

O.

21st. He is called the holy *One* in Mark 1 :
24.

Let us alone ; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of
Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou
art the Holy One of God.

Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns :
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.
Acts. 2 : 27.

O is placed on the Arch.

N.

22nd. He is called the *Nazarene* in Matt.
2 : 22.

And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth : that it
might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall
be called a Nazarene.

Behold the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness :
And meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.

N is placed on the Arch.

Supt. We now have one of the titles of
Christ which we propose to form, our motto
reading : Jesus,—The Rose of Sharon. Now,
can any one tell us, how Jesus is like the
Rose ?

23rd. The Rose is the fairest and best of

flowers and possess traits which we all love and admire. So Jesus is the fairest and best of men, and his life and character calls forth our greatest admiration.

“In Sharon’s lovely Rose,
Immortal beauties shine ;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely rose forever wear
And be supremely blest.”

SINGING. “ Beautiful Rose.” *Happy Voices.* p. 51.

T.

24th. Jesus is called the *True Light* in John 1 : 9.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Thou art the truth. ; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou, only, canst instruct the mind ;
And purify the heart.

T is placed on the Arch.

H.

25th. He is called our *Hope* in 1 Tim. 1 : 1.

Our Saviour, and Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope :

“It is the hope, the blessed hope,
Which Jesus Christ has given;
The hope when days and weeks are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.”

H is placed on the Arch.

E.

26th. He is called our *Everlasting Father*
in Isa. 9 : 6.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given : and the
government shall be upon his shoulder : and his name shall be
called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting
Father, The Prince of Peace.

A friend there is — your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name —
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near ;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

E is placed on the Arch.

L.

27th. He is called *Lion* of the tribe of Ju-
dah in Rev. 5 : 5.

And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not : behold, the
Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed
to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof.

“For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.”

L is placed on the Arch.

I.

28th. He is called *Immanuel* in Matt. 1: 23.

And they shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Hail. the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

I is placed on the Arch.

L.

29th. He is called the *Life* in John 1: 4.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

Thou art the life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14: 6.

L is placed on the Arch.

Y.

30th. He is called the *Young Child* in Matt.
2: 8.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go, and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Y is placed on the Arch.

O.

31st. He is called the mighty *One* in Luke
3: 16.

John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightieth than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose.

Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

"He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world;—"

O is placed on the Arch.

F.

32nd. He is called *Forerunner* in Heb. 6:
20.

Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchizedeck.

"Who shall up to that abode
 Follow in the Saviour's train?"
 "They who in his cleansing blood
 Wash away each guilty stain;—
 "They whose daily actions prove
 Steadfast faith and holy fear,
 Fervent zeal and grateful love;
 They shall dwell forever here."

F is placed on the Arch.

T.

33d. He is called *Tabernacle* in Heb. 8: 2.

A minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man.

The true Messiah now appears;
 The types are all withdrawn;
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

"Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
 For I myself have died;"
 And then he shows his opened veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

T is placed on the Arch.

H.

34th. He is called *Heir of all things* in Heb. 1: 2.

Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds.

Now for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son;
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
 And tell the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

H is placed on the Arch.

E.

35th. He is called *Elect* in Isa. 42 : 1.

Behold my servant, whom I uphold : my elect, in whom my soul delighteth.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Let new seraphic joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.

E is placed on the Arch.

V.

36th. He is called a *Vine* in John 15 : 1, 2,
4, 5.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away ;
and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may
bring forth more fruit.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit
of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye
abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches : He that abideth in me,
and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit ; for without
me ye can do nothing.

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice:
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
 To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him who died,
 Lord of life, O, let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

V is placed on the Arch.

A.

37th. He is called *Almighty* in Rev. 1 : 8.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith
 the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the
 Almighty.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide:
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading:
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

A is placed on the Arch.

L.

38th. He is called *Lamb of God* in John
 1 : 29.

The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith,
 Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the
 world!

Glory to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply;
 Praise ye his name;

His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
 “Worthy the Lamb.”

L is placed on the Arch.

L.

39th. He is called a *Law-giver* in Jas. : 4
12.

There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy :

Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor, thou art ;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

L is placed on the Arch.

E.

40th. He is called *Eternal Life* in 1 John
1 : 2.

(For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us :)

Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

On earth we want the light
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

E is placed on the Arch.

Y.

41st. He is sometimes called *Yea* and *Amen* as in 2 Cor. 1 : 19, 20.

For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, even by me and Silvanus and Timotheus, was not *yea* and *nay*, but in him was *yea*.

For all the promises of God in him are *yea*, and in him *Amen*, unto the glory of God by us.

The promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke,
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke :

Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres :

Supt. : Our Motto is now completed —
Jesus, The Rose of Sharon, The Lily of the
Valley. Can any one tell me where our
Jesus is called by these titles ?

42nd. In Songs of Solomon 2 : 1.

I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley,
Is he a Rose ? not Sharon yields
A flower so fragrant in her fields ;
Or if the Lily he assumes,
The Valleys bless the rich perfume.

43rd.

White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows :
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

School and Congregation sing :

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The Lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.





AN AUTUMNAL STORY.







AN AUTUMNAL STORY.

DIRECTIONS. — This “Autumnal Story” is designed for use during the autumnal season of the year. While it is particularly adapted to the “Time of the Falling of the Leaves,” it may be used with good effect at any season. The exercise is divided into six different parts ; the subjects of these parts are to be announced by the Superintendent, and the recitations are to be recited by the different persons to whom they are assigned, in the order they are numbered.

Decorations of autumn leaves, ferns, vines, and flowers, will add much to the interest of the occasion.

THE EXERCISE.

PART I.—AUTUMNAL DAYS.

1.

“Along the wayside and up the hills
The golden rod flames in the sun ;
The blue-eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run ;
 So Summer’s done, say I,
 Summer’s done.

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops ;
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids,
Rob him of half his store ;
 So Summer’s o’er, say I,
 Summer’s o’er.

The maple in the swamps begin
To flout in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird’s nest
Swings empty overhead ;
 So Summer’s dead, say I,
 Summer’s dead.

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn :
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor old dried up corn ;
 So Summer’s gone, say I,
 Summer’s gone.

The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the morning still you hear,
The scolding swaggering jay ;
 So Summer’s away, say I,
 Summer’s away.

A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun ;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth,
A garment of beauty has spun ;
But for all that, Summer's done, say I,
Summer's done."

2.—While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.—Gen. 8 : 22.

Blessed be the name of God, for ever and ever ; for wisdom and might are his.

And he changeth the times and the seasons.—Dan. 2 : 20, 21.

3.

Standing upon this mountain side you look
Far down and round on forest beyond forest,
Sweep through vales profound, and up steep hills,
Where every leaf by Autumn's alchemy
Is changed to some rich gem.

The maple here
Shoots up its ruby spire, and there the oak
Stands all transmuted into burnished gold ;
The woodbine hangs festoons of purple there
Around the yellow sycamore, and here
A shower of amethysts and sapphires bright,
Suspended glitters on the drapery
Of the majestic elm. How glorious all
Beneath this unobscured October sun.
And now a breeze sets every tint in motion ;
Lakes, cataracts, and streams of painted leaves

Are heaving, flowing in admiring light.
The wild birds sing as if their sense partook
The rapture of the poet, and his speech
Essays to utter the unspeakable.

4.—To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

A time to be born, and a time to die ; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.—Eccle. 3 : 1, 2.

5.

“Purple, and gold and russet,
Ruby, vermilion and green ;
Now comes with all its colors,
October to paint the scene.
The winds are his mighty brushes,
His palette the crystal skies,
And his paints are the flames and flushes
Of sunset and sunrise.”

6.—The hay appeareth, and the tender grass sheweth itself, and herbs of the mountains are gathered.—Prov. 27 : 25.

It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.—Acts 1 : 7.

“The mellow year is hastening to its close ;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast —
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows.
The patient beauty of the scentless rose

Oft with the morn's hoar frost, quaintly glazed;
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day,
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs, with somber ivy twine."

SINGING: "Behold the harvest draweth
near." *Royal Diadem*, p. 140.



PART II.—THE STORY OF THE AUTUMNAL DAYS.

1.

The beauty of the summer time,
Confessing that her reign is o'er,
Decked in her gayest robes of state,
Is smiling back to us once more.
Her court she holds with shining train
Along the quiet river side;
And with her golden splendor filled,
The dim old woods are glorified.
We feel her power in every pulse,
We read her praises in the trees,
As o'er us, like a conquering queen,
She waves her banners in the breeze.
While watching her triumphant tread,
We feel the spell and own the sway,
And yet we grieve as we behold
A glory that must pass away.

The brightest robe that nature wears
Will soon be lying brown and sere,
And on us beam with waning light,
The last smile of the dying year.

Yet with the parting comes the pledge,
The dawn of peace, the end of strife,
And like a benediction falls—
“The Resurrection and the Life.”

2.—Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. — Job 14: 1, 2.

3.—Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.

Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day.— Job 14: 5, 6.

4.—For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground.—Job 14: 7, 8.

5.—Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?—Job 14 : 9, 10.

6.—As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up.

So man lieth down and riseth not : till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.—Job 14 : 11, 12.

7.—If a man die shall he live again ? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.—Job 14 : 14.

8.—The waters wear the stones ; thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth : and thou destroyeth the hope of man.

Thou prevaiileth for ever against him, and he passeth : thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.

His sons come to honor and he knoweth it not ; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them. —Job 14 : 19, 20, 21.

“The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere ;

Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the withered leaves lie
dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits tread ;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay

And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang
and stood,

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?

Alas, they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the good and fair of ours ;
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold October rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar rose and the orchid died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
on man ;

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade
and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild days, as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light, the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the woods and by the stream no
more.

SINGING. "I need Thee every hour."
Winnowed Hymns. p. 1.



PART III.—THE FALLING LEAVES.

1.

Dropping, dropping,
Crimson, and yellow, and red,
Sighing so softly and sadly
In the trees over my head.
One by one they come fluttering
Or fall in a tremulous shower,
Scarlet, and amber, and purple,
Dyed by an unseen power.

2.

“Falling, falling,
Down, down, in the purling stream,
The lovely summer is passing
Away like a happy dream.
And the water is gaily dancing
With the dying leaves on its breast,
Bearing them onward, onward
Away to eternal rest.

3.

“Whispering, whispering,
Words of a long farewell,
Nestling in heaps together,
To sleep in the woody dell.
Dying in wondrous beauty,
Murmuring sad as they go,
O, beautiful, beautiful leaflets,
We have loved and admired you so.

4.

“Dying, dying,
And leaving the forest trees bare,
The voice of unseen spirits
I seem to hear in the air.

Farewell, beautiful leaflets,
The wind is a merciless foe,
And every heart that knows of gladness,
Also deep sorrow must know."

5.—In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they made.—Isa. 2 : 20.

6.—As the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree.—Isa. 34 : 4.

7.—He took also of the seed of the land, and planted it in a fruitful field ; he placed it by great waters, and set it as a willow tree.—Ezek. 17 : 5.

8.—It was planted in a good soil by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine.—Ezek. 17 : 8.

9.—Say thou, Thus saith the Lord God ; Shall it prosper ? shall he not pull up the roots thereof, and cut off the fruit thereof, that it wither ? it shall wither in all the leaves of her spring, even without great power or many people to pluck it up by the roots thereof.—Ezek. 17 : 9.

10.

"He comes, he comes — the Frost spirit comes ! You may trace
his footsteps now,

On the naked woods, and blasted fields, and the brown hills
withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees, where the
pleasant green came forth,

And the winds which follow wherever he goes, have shaken
them down to earth."

11.

"O'er the wild waste the autumnal leaf careers :
Nor vale, nor mountain now is ripe with flowers ;
Nature's fair brow the snow of winter sears,
And all but Hope hath fled her once green bowers."

12.

"And why thus lonely lingers she, when all
The glorious gifts of summer are no more ?"

13.

"Her foot already treads Spring's leafy hall
Her eyes see sunbeams gild the distant shore."

SINGING :— "The Leaves around us fall-
ing." *Sabbath Songs*, p. 125.



PART IV.—THE LESSON OF THE FALL- ING LEAVES.

"Only a day since the trees were seen,
Their foliage all of the loveliest green ;
A single night ! a touch of frost !
Alas ! the life of the leaves is lost,
And they whisper sadly and softly sigh,
Growing beautiful, only to die.

Showers of leaves from the forest's crown
Have broken away and are tumbling down ;
Yellow and purple, crimson and gold,
Red, pink and scarlet, fold upon fold,
They gather themselves in beautiful sheaves,
Silently weeping ! these dying leaves.

See, in the light of the morning sun,
What the withering touch of the frost has done ;
Clothed the trees in new robes so bright ;
The landscape changed in a single night.
Under the light of the starry sheen
Nature painted this wonderful scene.

Gather them up with the tenderest care ;
Each hue that is seen in the rainbow is there.
Death was needed before we found
That the tinted leaves, now lying round
Were full of glories not brought to light
Till after their life had taken flight."

2.—Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.—Psa. 90 : 1, 2.

3.—Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.—Psa. 90 : 3, 4.

4.—Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep ; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.—Psa. 90 : 5, 6.

5.—For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.—Psa. 90 : 7, 8.

6.—For all our days are passed away in thy wrath ; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off and we fly away.—Ps. 90 : 9, 10.

7.—Who knoweth the power of thine anger ? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psa. 90 : 11, 12.

8.

“ Beautiful leaves ! cast loose by the breeze,
And filling the air as they float from the trees :
Gracefully sinking down they come ;
Gather them up and carry them home ;
Leaves of the ivy and oak are there,
Mixed with the maple, cull them with care.

Leaves from the elm and leaves from the vine
Mingle their colors ; all together combine
In garlands of numberless shades ;
But remember this beauty all fades ;
These forest leaves, so delicate now,
Wither, though placed on the fairest brow.

Visions of splendor ! these forest trees grand,
When autumn frosts spread far over the land.
Seen in the sun's great golden light,
That heightens color and makes them bright,
The leaves grow brilliant ; the forest gems
Cover the trees like great diadems.

Come, gather the leaves, come one, come all,
The faster we gather, the faster they fall ;
The forest trees are dressed thus gay
Only to cast their mantle away ;
Ah do not forget that the forest grieves
The tears it sheds are beautiful leaves."

9.

The first falling leaves of September
Are fluttering down toward earth,
As if they would bid us remember
That death follows quickly on birth.

So recently moving in beauty,
Responding to each summer breath,
Now falling in humble leaf duty,
To teach us the lessons of death.

They whisper and sigh as they tremble,
As if to their comrades to say,
"'Tis useless for us to dissemble,
You shortly must follow this way.

"The bright days of summer are over,
And we who hung high in our prime
Have been but the first to discover
That all leaves must wither in time.

“The frost soon will give you its warning,
By chilling your veins with the cold,
Your green tints of summer all turning
To crimson, and purple, and gold.

“In those brilliant hues though you glory,
Your lot is the fate of us all;
Repeating the often-told story,
That leaves in their season must fall.”

SINGING :—“The Shining Shore.”

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger, &c.



PART, V.—“WE DO FADE AS THE LEAF.”

1.

“Only the leaves! yet they sigh and weep,
Ere they fall to the ground and quietly sleep,
Quietly sleep, in colors new,
Beneath the touch of the morning dew;
Not the morning dew, nor sun, nor rain.
Can restore to leaves, lost life again.

Softly and silently, on the ground,
How they nestle together, without a sound!
Without a sound? No, forest leaves
Never can fall but the forest grieves;
Listen and hear its sad moan and wail,
Rocking its trees in the autumn gale.

Lifting their voices, they moan and sigh, —
“O, why do our leaves when most beautiful die?
And stars and skies the answer sing,
“To live again in the coming spring.”
While the leaves are all lying asleep below
Have formed a couch for the coming snow.

Many a heart now loving and warm
 Will be sadly tried by life's gathering storm;
 Hopes that are brightest still may fade,
 And cherished friends in the grave be laid;
 But the forest leaves and stars will sing:
 "Only to live in the coming spring."

2.—For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away.—1 Peter, 1: 24.

3.—Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little.

Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.

A land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.—Job 10: 20, 22.

4.

WHAT THE LEAVES SAY,

"Only a few short months ago,
 And we were fresh and green,
 And swinging from the topmost bough,
 The merriest leaves e'er seen.
 The sweet birds built their tiny nests
 Beneath our pleasant shade,
 And sung away so cheerfully,
 When their pretty homes were made.

But now we've changed our pretty dress,
 For dark and russet brown,

And at the autumn's chilling wind
We're rustling, rustling down.
The sweet birds all have flown away,
The flowers have dropped their heads,
Soon all that's bright and beautiful,
Will be among the dead."

5.—I loathe it ; I would not live always ;
let me alone ; for my days are vanity.

What is man, that thou shouldest magnify
him ? and that thou shouldest set thy heart
upon him ?

And that thou shouldest visit him every
morning, and try him every moment.—Job
7 : 16-18.

6.—Behold, thou hast made my days as a
hand-breadth ; and my age is as nothing be-
fore thee ; verily every man at his best state
is altogether vanity. Selah.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show ;
surely they are disquieted in vain ; he heap-
eth up riches, and knoweth not who shall
gather them.—Psa. 39 : 5, 6.

7.—Remember how short my time is ;
wherefore hast thou made all men in vain ?

What man is he that liveth and shall not
see death ? shall he deliver his soul from the
hand of the grave.—Ps. 89 : 47, 48.

8.

Nothing but leaves! When the Master shall come.
To visit his vineyard below;
No fruit of the spirit, no life work of love,
Can it be that our life shall be so?

9.

Nothing but leaves! And the Master will come
For fruitage when autumn is here;
But the bough of life's tree will yield nothing but leaves,
And these yellow and sere.

10.

Nothing but leaves! All the soft summer showers,
And the warm genial sunshine in vain,
The bright buds, the blossoms of hope
Are gone, and they come not again.

11.

Nothing but leaves! Opportunities gone,
Aspirations all quenched at their birth;
The higher, the nobler, the holier life
Buried up neath the rubbish of strife.

12.

Nothing but leaves! The glad summer's gone,
And the autumn is coming e'en now;
Alas, for the tree, it shall wither away,
God looketh for fruit from each bough.

13.

Nothing but leaves! A life lived in vain,
And O, how the good Master grieves,
To find that for all he hath suffered for us,
We come laden with nothing but leaves.

14.

Nothing but leaves! O, God, shall it be,
That this life so fruitless be found?
No, graft us anew with thy spirit of love,
For without it we cumber the ground.

SINGING :—" Nothing but Leaves." *Hap-
py Voices*, p. 121.



PART VI.—PASSING AWAY.

1.

It is written on the rose
In it's glory's full array;
Read what those buds disclose —
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the sost blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes —
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these —
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, and burns, and triumphs now —
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart,
Alas! that there decay
Should claim from love a part —
"Passing away."

Friends, friends! O, shall we meet
In a land of purer day?
There lovely things and sweet
Pass not away.

Shall we know each other's eyes
And the thoughts that in them lay
When we mingled sympathies? —
Passing away.

O, if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day,
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away.

2.—Though I were perfect, yet would I
not know my soul ; I would despise my life.
—Job 9 : 21.

3.—My soul is weary of my life ; I will
leave my complaint upon myself ; I will
speak in the bitterness of my soul.

I will say unto God, Do not condemn me ;
show me wherefore thou contendest with me.
—Job 10 : 1, 2.

4.—Let the enemy persecute my soul, and
take it : yea, let him tread down my life up-
on the earth, and lay my honor in the dust.
Selah.—Psa. 7 : 5.

5.

“Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away ;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way ;
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To Eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die ;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions hurry by ;
Quick as clouds at evening driven

O'er the many colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest."

6.—For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing; my strength faileth because of my iniquity, and my bones are consumed.—Psa. 31: 10.

7.—Let my prayer come before thee; incline thy ear unto my cry:

For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

I am counted with them that go down into the pit; I am as a man that hath no strength:

Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more; and they are cut off from thy hand.
—Psa. 88: 2-5.

8.

"Time speeds away, away, away —
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leaflet sere;
Drop like our life blood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from our cheek departs;
The tresses from the temples fall;
The eye grows strange and dim to all.

Time speeds away, away, away, —
Like torrents in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,

Uproots the trees, and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved — the friends that blessed ;
And leaves us weeping on the shore
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away, away, away, —
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hill can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he ;
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in a dreadful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

School rise and recite with Superintendent, Eccle. 12 : 1-7.

Supt.—Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

School.—While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.

Supt.—In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

School.—And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low :

Supt.—Also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

School.—Or ever the silver chord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Supt.—Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

School and Congregation sing. *Tune ;*
Dedham.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

THE PASTOR RECITES :

To-day if ye will hear his voice,
Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,
and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness: Psa. 95: 7, 8.

School and Congregation sing :

To-day the Saviour calls :

Ye wanderers, come ;

O ye benighted souls,

Why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls :

O, hear him now ,

Within these sacred walls

To Jesus bow.





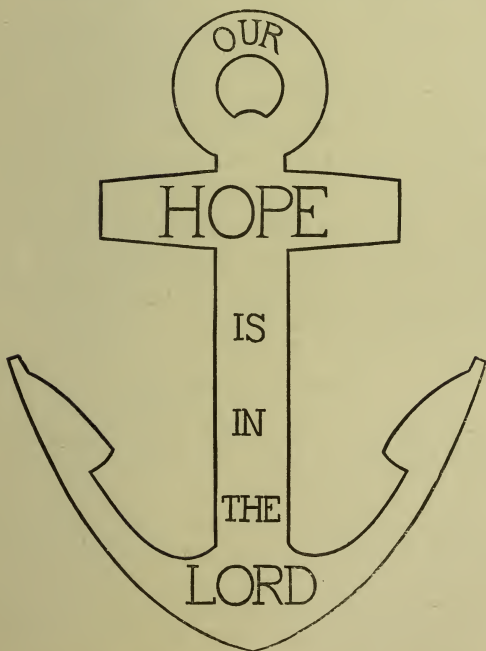
The Christian's Reliance.



THE CHRISTIAN'S RELIANCE.



OUR HOPE IS IN THE LORD.



NOTE.—Make an anchor of thin boards,

and cover it with evergreen, leaves, or fancy paper. Also, prepare letters forming the motto, "Our Hope is in the Lord," of card board; cover them with flowers or paper, taking care to have the letters of the words, HOPE and LORD, of larger size than the others. As each scholar recites his portion of the exercise, the letters are to be placed upon the anchor in the position shown in the diagram on preceding page. An Anchor, five or six feet in height, with letters of a corresponding size, and if used during the fall season, covered with autumn leaves, with letters of gilt or silver paper, would be desirable. The Anchor may be suspended upon the wall, or made with a standard, and placed in an upright position.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING:—"The Lord is my Shepherd."
Pure Diamonds- p. 88.

Ques. by Supt. Upon whom does the Christian rely for support and guidance?

1st.—O Lord, my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me.—Psa. 7: 1.

2d.—But I trusted in Thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.—Psa. 31: 14, 15.

3d.—But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord; he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them and deliver them; he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.—Psa. 37: 39, 40.

4th.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.—Psa. 55: 22.

Ques. How has this Reliance of the Christian been described?

O.

5th.—*As Omnipotent.*

I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect.—Gen. 17: 1.

Jehovah reins: he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty.—Ex. 6 : 3.

Places O on the Anchor.

U.

6th.—*As Unsearchable.*

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised ; and his greatness is unsearchable.—Psa. 145 : 3.

Lord we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.—Rom. 11 : 33.

Places U on the Anchor.

R.

7th.—*As Righteous.*

O, Lord God of Israel, thou art righteous.
Ezra 9 : 15.

O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;
His glorious acts proclaim :
The fulness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

His love is great, his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word ;
His truth forever shall endure ;
Forever praise the Lord.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.—Psa. 145 : 17.

Places R on the Anchor.

H.

8th.—*As Holy.*

Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill ; for the Lord our God is holy.—Psa. 99 : 9.

Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King :
“Thrice holy Lord,” the angels cry ;
“Thrice holy,” let us sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.—Isa. 5 : 16.

Places H on the Anchor.

O.

9th.—*As Omnipresent.*

Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there :
if my make my bed in hell, behold, thou art
there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and
dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea :

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and
thy right hand shall hold me.—Psa. 139 : 7,
8, 9, 10.

Where can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye ?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and
not a God afar off.

Can any hide himself in secret places that
I shall not see him ? saith the Lord. Do not
I fill heaven and earth ? saith the Lord.—
Jer. 23 : 23.

Places O on the Anchor.

P.

10th.—*As Perfect.*

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your
Father which is in heaven is perfect.—Matt.
5 : 48.

High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep,
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.—Psa. 19 : 7.

Places P on the Anchor.

E.

11th.—*As Eternal.*

Before the mountains were brought forth,
or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.—Ps. 90 : 2.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears:
Great God, there's nothing new.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33 : 27.

Places E on the Anchor.

SINGING : "The Christian's Hope." *Pure Gold*, p. 127.

I.

12th. The Christian's Reliance has been described *As Immutable.*

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure :
yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment :
as a vesture shalt thou change them,
and they shall be changed :

But thou art the same, and thy years shall
have no end. Psal. 102 : 26, 27.

Forever shall his throne endure ;
His promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is
from above, and cometh down from the
Father of lights, with whom is no variable-
ness, neither shadow of turning. Jas. 1 : 17.

Places I on the Anchor.

S.

13th. *As Strong.*

Because of his strength will I wait upon
thee : for God is my defence.—Psal. 59 : 9.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Ascribe ye strength unto God ; his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds. Psa. 68 : 34.

Places S on the Anchor.

I.

14th. *As Immortal.*

The King of kings, and Lord of lords :

Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto ; whom no man hath seen, nor can see. 1 Tim. 6 : 15, 16.

With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. 1 Tim. 1 : 17.

Places I on the Anchor.

N.

15th. *As Near his people.*

Thou art near, O Lord ; and all thy commandments are truth.—Psa. 119 : 151.

Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
 Whatever griefs befall ;
 Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
 And thou my all in all.

Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
 With dangers all around,
 To thee I all my fears disclose ;
 In thee my help is found.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
 call ye upon him while he is near. Isa. 55 :
 6.

Places N on the Anchor.

T.

16th. *As True.*

But the Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting king ; at his wrath the earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide his indignation.—Jer. 10 : 10.

The truth of God shall still endure,
 And firm his promise stand ;
 Believing souls may rest secure
 In his almighty hand.

The hills and mountains melt away ;
 But he is still the same :
 Let saints to him their homage pay,
 And magnify his name.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God.—John 17 : 3.

Places T on the Anchor.

H.

17th. *As High.*

That men may know that thou, whose name alone is JEHOVAH, art the most high over all the earth. Psal. 83 : 18.

Jehovah reigns ; his throne is high ;
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Acts 7 : 48.

Places H on the Anchor.

E.

18th. *As Everlasting.*

But now is made manifest, and by the Scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith.—Rom. 16 : 26.

Great God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. Isa. 40 : 28.

Places E on the Anchor.

L.

19th.—*As Long suffering.*

The Lord is long suffering and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression.—Num. 14 : 18.

God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.—Micah 7 : 18.

Places L on the Anchor.

O.

20th.—*As Omniscient.*

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.—Psa. 139 : 1, 2, 3, 4.

The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings.—Prov. 5 : 21.

Places O on the Anchor.

R.

21st.—*As a Refuge.*

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.—Ps. 9 : 9.

Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;
Thy keeper is the Lord :
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46 : 1.

Places R on the Anchor.

D.

22nd.—*As a Defence.*

My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart.—Psa. 7 : 10.

No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

Thou our deliverer art, O God ;
Our trust is in thy power :
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

Because of his strength will I wait upon thee : for God is my defence.—Ps. 59 : 9.

Places D on the Anchor.

SINGING; “In the Rifted Rock, I’m resting.” *Pure Gold*, p 134.

23d.—Hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.—Heb. 6 : 19.

Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While temptests blow and billows rise.

The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

24th.—And now, Lord, what wait I for?
my hope is in thee.—Psa. 39 : 7.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God :
thou art my trust from my youth.—Psa.
71 : 5.

25th.—Happy is he that hath the God of
Jacob for his health, whose hope is in the
Lord his God.—Psa. 146 : 5.

Thou art my hope in the day of evil.—Jer.
17 : 17.

26th.—But the Lord will be the hope of
his people, and the strength of the children
of Israel.—Joel 3 : 16.

27th.—Who by him do believe in God,
that raised him up from the dead, and gave
him glory : that your faith and hope might
be in God.—1 Pet. 1 : 21.

All the School rise and recite :

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the
Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

For he shall be as a tree planted by the
waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by
the river, and shall not see when heat com-

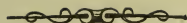
eth, but her leaf shall be green ; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.—Jer. 17 : 7, 8.

School and congregation sing :

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.

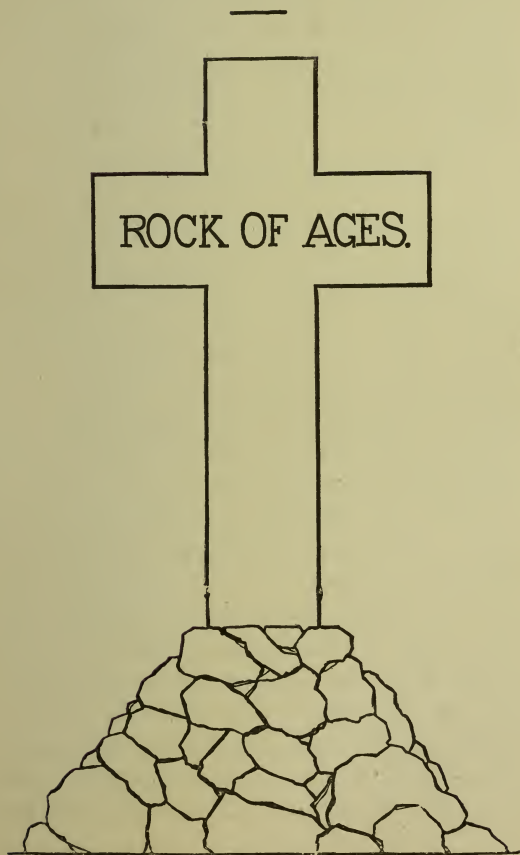




ROCK OF AGES.



ROCK OF AGES.



DIRECTIONS. — Prepare a cross similar to diagram, which, with the base, should be eight or more feet in height; it should be made in such a manner as to have a massive appearance. Paint the cross white, and prepare the letters forming the motto—ROCK OF AGES—of *black* card-board, in order to have as much contrast as possible between the cross and letters; around the foot of the cross, pile up, if convenient, a large number of white stone, (lime-stone would be appropriate,) in order to give the appearance of the cross being planted in the midst of rocks. Ferns and trailing plants arranged among the rocks, and an ivy twining around the cross, will add much to the interest. An arch over the cross, made of evergreen, with gilt letters, forming the sentence, “Who is a Rock, save our God?” will increase the effect. The exercise is to be recited in the following manner: As each scholar’s turn comes to recite, he is to come forward, recite the portion allotted to him, place the letter on the cross, (or hand it to the superintendent, or some one he may select to place the letters in position,) and return to his seat, when the next one to recite, proceeds in like manner. When the motto is completed, and

during the singing of "Mighty Rock," five girls are to form in a semi-circle around the cross, and each one repeats one verse of the poem, "Rock of Ages," all reciting in concert the Scripture verse following. They can return to their seats during the singing of "Rock of Ages."

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING: "The Rock that is higher than I." *Winnowed Hymns*, p. 66.

Ques. by Supt. Why is our Saviour precious to the Christian.

R.

First Scholar. He is precious to him because He *redeems* him.

Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers;

But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.—1 Peter 1: 18, 19.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

Places R on the Cross.

O.

Second Scholar. He is precious to him, because he *opens the way of salvation* for him.

I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.—John 10 : 9.

Is He a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green!
A paradise — divinely fair;
None but the saints have freedom there.

Places O on the Cross.

C.

Third Scholar, He is precious to him, because he *cleanses him from sin*.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.
1 John 1 : 7.

Jesus, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

Places C on the Cross.

K.

Fourth Scholar. He is precious to him because he *keeps him from evil*.

But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.—2 Thessalonians 3 : 5

He is our shield when troubles rise,
 When storms and tempests lower;
 He rides triumphant in the skies,
 And serves us by his power.

Places K on the Cross.

SINGING : "Flowing Rock." *Royal Diadem*, p. 80.

O.

Fifth Scholar : He is precious to him, because he *offers to pardon him..*

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy

Micah 7 ; 18.

But thy atoning sacrifice
 Hath answered all demands,
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Are blessings from thy hands.

'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
 'Tis on thy cross we rest;
 Forever be thy love adored,
 Thy name forever blest.

Places O on the Cross.

F.

Sixth Scholar : He is precious to him, because he *forgives him.*

He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1 : 9.

"Father, forgive," the Saviour cried,
 With his expiring breath,
 And drew eternal blessings down
 On those who wrought his death.

Places F on the Cross.

A.

Seventh Scholar: He is precious to him, because he *administers* to his necessities.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.—John 10: 14, 15.

My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade
God is our all-sufficient aid.

Places A on the Cross.

G.

Eighth Scholar. He is precious to him because he *gives* him eternal life.

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.—John 10: 28.

Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Places G on the Cross.

E.

Ninth Scholar. He is gracious to him, because he *encourages* him.

And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake : but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.—Matt. 10; 22.

Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor, thou art;
Oh, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart

Places E on the Cross.

S.

Tenth Scholar. He is precious to him because he *saves* him.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1 : 15.

And did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise ?

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high —
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.

Places S on the Cross.

SINGING : “Mighty Rock.” *Royal Diadem*, p. 124.

FIRST GIRL.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in spring;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the tune;
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

ALL.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my
God, my strength, in whom I will trust.—Psa. 18 : 2.

SECOND GIRL.

"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheeding
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

ALL.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy
name's sake lead me, and guide me.—Psalm 31 : 3.

THIRD GIRL.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know,

Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wing the air ;
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer ;
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."

ALL.

From the ends of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the rock that is higher than I. — Psalm 61 : 2.

FOURTH GIRL.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me " —
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim —
 "Let me hide myself in thee."
 Trembling though the voice, and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow.
 Sung as only they can sing
 Who life's thorny paths have pressed ;
 Sung as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest ;
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."

ALL.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort ; thou hast given commandment to save me ; for thou art my rock and my fortress,—Psa. 71 : 3.

FIFTH GIRL.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me ! "
 Sung above a coffin-lid ;
 Underneath all restfully,
 All life's joys and sorrows hid.

Nevermore, O storm tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in silent prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

ALL.

But the Lord is my defence ; and my God is the rock of my
refuge — Psalm 94 : 22.

School and Congregation unite in singing.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure —
Save from wrath, and make me pure.





The Smitten Rock.





THE SMITTEN ROCK.

Directions.—The topics and *questions* in this exercise are to be asked or announced by the Superintendent, and the *answers* given by different individuals or classes. It may be lengthened, if desired, by increasing the number of verses of Scripture, by the use of the Concordance, or Manual.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING: “The Smitten Rock.” *Royal Diadem*, p. 123.

Alternate reading, School and Supt.

Supt.—He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths.

School.—He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers.

Supt.—And they sinned yet more against him, by provoking the Most High in the wilderness.

School.—And they tempted God in their heart by asking meat for their lust.

Supt.—Yea, they spake against God: they said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?

School.—Behold, he smote the rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed: can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people? Ps. 28: 15, 20.

THE SMITING OF THE ROCK.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock: so that thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts drink.

And Moses took the rod from before the Lord, as he commanded him.

And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear, now, ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock?

And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice.—Num. 20 : 7-11.

Ques.—When Moses smote the rock, what occurred ?

Ans.—And the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also.—Num. 20 : 11.

“They thirst ; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.”

Ques.—Of whom is this Smitten Rock typical ?

Ans.—Of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

“O wondrous stream ! O blessed type
Of ever flowing grace !
So Christ, our rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

Moreover brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the Sea :

And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud, and in the sea :

And did all eat the same spiritual meat :
And did all drink the same spiritual drink :

(for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ.)
—1 Cor. 10: 1-4.

“Is He a Rock? How firm he proves;
The Rock of Ages never moves,
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all this desert through.”

Ques.—How was our Rock smitten for us?

Ans.—He is despised and rejected of men: a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him: and with his stripes we are healed.—Isa. 53: 3, 4, 5.

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies.
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

SINGING: “The Flowing Rock.” *Royal Diadem*, p. 80.

Ques.—When Moses smote the Rock, the water came forth abundantly ; what streams flow from the Rock that was smitten for us ?

Ans.—*The Stream of Salvation.*

Neither is there salvation in any other ; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4 : 12.

And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.—Heb. 5 : 9.

“ The voice of free grace cries, “ Escape to the mountain ; ”
For Adam’s lost race Christ hath opened a fountain ;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

The Stream of Mercy.

But after that, the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost :

Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

That being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.—Titus 3 ; 4–7.

“To save a guilty world, he dies ;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb ;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

Pardon and peace through him abound ;
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in his name is found ;
He bids the dying sinner live.

The Stream of Pardon.

And I will cleanse them from all their iniquity whereby they have sinned against me ; and I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me.—Jer. 33 : 8.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
call ye upon him while he is near :

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him : and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isa. 55 : 6, 7.

“Jesus, to thy wounds I fly ;
Purge my sins of deepest dye ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood ;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.”

SINGING.

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
E’er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die

The Stream of Love.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. — Rom. 5: 7, 8, 9.

“This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.”

The Stream of Peace.

That at that time ye were without Christ,

being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world :

But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. — Eph. 2 : 12, 13.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ : — Rom. 5 : 1.

“ For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss, impart,
To banish mortal woe.

The Stream of Living Water.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water : Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria ? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink ; thou wouldest have asked of him and he would have given thee living water.

Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again :

But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. — John 4 : 7, 9, 10, 13, 14.

“Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

SINGING : “The water of Life.” *Fresh Laurels*, p. 50.

Ques. Are these waters that flow from this Smitten Rock, free to all ?

Ans. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and ye that hath no money : come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Isa. 55 : 1.

“Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.”

In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. John 7 : 37.

“Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace ;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.”

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
And let him that heareth say, Come. And
let him that is athirst, come. And whoso-
ever will, let him take the water of life
freely.—Rev. 22 : 17.

“Let him that heareth say
To all about him, “Come ;”
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Ques. What are the results of partaking
of the streams that flow from this Rock ?

Ans. They shall not hunger nor thirst ;
neither shall the heat nor sun smite them :
for he that hath mercy on them shall lead
them, even by the springs of water shall he
guide them.—Isa. 49 : 10.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me
this water, that I thirst not, neither come
hither to draw.—John 4 : 15.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.—John 6 : 35.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. 7 : 16, 17.

RECITATION.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

“The shadow of the Rock!

Stay, Pilgrim, stay.

Night treads upon the heels of day;

There is no other resting place this way.

The Rock is near,

The well is clear —

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!

The desert wide

Lies round thee like a trackless tide,

In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.

The sun is gone,

Thou art alone —

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!

Night veils the land;

How the palms whisper as they stand!
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!

Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Abide! Abide!
This rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.

Ages are laid
Beneath its shade—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night,—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock."

The Female portion of the school recite :

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living
God : when shall I come and appear before
God ? — Psa. 42 : 1, 2.

The Male portion of the school recite :

O God, thou art my God ; early will I
seek thee : my soul thirsteth for thee, my
flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty
land, where no water is ; — Psa 63 : 1.

All recite :

Oh come let us sing unto the Lord : let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. — Psa. 95 : 1.

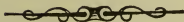
School and Congregation unite in singing :

“ Safe in the Arms of Jesus.” *Winnowed Hymns.*



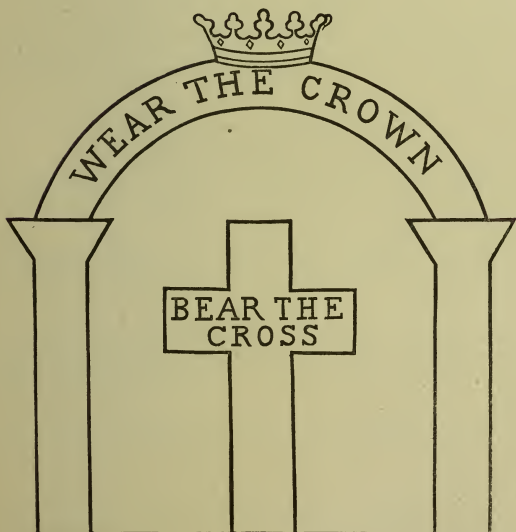


Bear the Cross---Wear the Crown.





BEAR THE CROSS—WEAR THE
CROWN.



NOTE.—Prepare a cross and an arch similar in style to the plan given above. The

cross and arch may be made of wood, and painted or decorated according to fancy. Prepare letters forming the mottoes, "Bear the Cross" and "Wear the Crown," according to directions given in preceding exercises. After the recitation, "There's a crown for the Christian," a crown made of flowers should be placed on the top of the arch; and then all should unite in singing, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone?" The questions are to be asked by the superintendent, or the one who conducts the exercise.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING: "No work to do?" *Royal Diadem*, p. 140.

Ques. What was one of our Saviour's commands?

And when he had called the people unto him, with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Mark 8: 34.

Ques. What is it to bear the cross of Christ?

First Scholar (placing B on the cross). It is to *believe* on him.

And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—Acts 16: 31.

Second Scholar (placing E on the cross).—
It is to *enlist* in his service.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.—1 Tim. 6 : 12.

Third Scholar (placing A on the cross).—
It is to *acknowledge* him before men.

Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father: but he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also.—1 John 2 : 23.

Fourth Scholar (placing R on the cross).—
It is to *renounce* the world.

So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.—Luke 14 : 33.

Fifth Scholar (placing T on the cross).—It
is to *trust* him.

For therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.—1 Tim. 4 : 10.

Sixth Scholar (placing H on the cross).—
It is to be *humble*.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 18 : 4.

Seventh Scholar (placing E on the cross).—
It is to *earnestly* contend for the faith.

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 Cor. 16 : 13.

Eighth Scholar (placing C on the cross).
—It is to *confess* him.

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.—Rom. 10: 9.

Ninth Scholar (placing R on the cross).—
It is to *repent* of sin.

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.—Luke 13: 3.

Tenth Scholar (placing O on the cross).—
It is to *obey* his commands.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.—Isa. 1: 19.

Eleventh Scholar (placing S on the cross).
—It is to *speak* for him.

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.—Mark 8; 38.

Twelfth Scholar (placing S on the cross).
—It is to practice *self-denial*.

And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.—Luke 9: 23, 24.

Thirteenth Scholar.—

RECITATION.

Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints baptized in blood
 Christ's sufferings here below.

Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above,
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
 Like them in faith to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
 May be our portion here.

SINGING.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
 All the light of sacred story
 Gather round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

Ques. — What rewards are promised the faithful cross-bearer ?

Fourteenth Scholar (placing W on the arch). — A *welcome* in heaven.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. — Matt. 11 : 28.

Fifteenth Scholar (placing E on the arch).
 — *Everlasting* life.

And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or

children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting — Luke 18 : 29, 30.

Sixteenth Scholar (placing A on the arch), — *An enduring substance.*

.... Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance. — Heb. 10 : 34.

Seventeenth Scholar (placing R on the arch). — *Rest.*

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God — Heb. 4 : 9.

Eighteenth Scholar (placing T on the arch). — *Treasures in heaven.*

Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven : and come and follow me. — Matt. 19 : 21.

Nineteenth Scholar (placing H on the arch). — *Heirship with Christ.*

And if children, then heirs ; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. — Rom. 8 : 17.

Twentieth Scholar (placing E on the arch). — *Eternal weight of glory.*

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. — 2 Cor. 4 : 17.

Twenty-first Scholar (placing C on the arch). — *A city that hath foundations.*

For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. — Heb. 11 : 10.

Twenty-second Scholar (placing R on the arch). — *Reigning with Christ.*

If we suffer, we shall also reign with him : if we deny him he also will deny us. — 2 Tim. 2 : 12.

Twenty-third Scholar (placing O on the arch). — *Outshine the stars.*

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. — Dan. 12 : 3.

Twenty-fourth Scholar (placing W on the arch). — *Wealth and Riches in heaven.*

And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions ; and in the world to come eternal life. — Mark 10 : 29, 30.

Twenty-fifth Scholar (placing N on the arch). — *No condemnation for sin.*

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. — Rom. 8 1.

Ques. — How has this cross-bearer been described ?

Twenty-sixth Scholar. — *A crown of righteousness.*

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. — 2 Tim. 4 : 8.

Twenty-seventh Scholar. — A crown of glory.

And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. — 1 Peter 5: 4.

Twenty-eighth Scholar. — A crown of life.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. — James 1: 12.

Twenty-ninth Scholar. — A crown of rejoicing.

For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy. — 1 Thes. 2: 19: 20.

Thirtieth Scholar. — An incorruptible crown.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown: but we an incorruptible. — 1 Cor. 9: 25.

Thirty-first Scholar.

RECITATION.

There's a crown for the Christian, a crown of life,
Gained in the issue of bloodless strife;
'Tis a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,
Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above.
They've gathered its hues from sources afar,
From seraphim's eyes and Bethlehem's star,
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For the Christian's brow is a brow of peace.

The superintendent, or some one he may select, here places the crown on the centre of the arch. Then all rise and sing:

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No ; there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

This consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
 Oh, resurrection day!
 Ye angels from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

BENEDICTION.





THE BIBLE.





THE BIBLE.

Directions. The *questions* in this Exercise are to be asked by the Superintendent, and the *answers* given by different members of the school. Under the several heads references are given in order that the answer may be increased to a Class Recitation if desired.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING: "The Bible Song." *Pure Gold*,
p. 105.

Ques. For what was the Bible written?

Ans. For our instruction.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.—Rom. 15 : 4.

Ques. Who was the author of the Bible ?

Ans. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man ; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.—2 Peter 1 : 21.

Ques. Did the sacred writers profess to be inspired ?

Ans. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God ; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth ; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.—1 Cor. 2 : 12, 13 ; Isa. 6 : 6—10 ; Jer. 1 : 7—10 ; Ezek. 1 : 3 ; Gal. 1 : 11, 12.

Ques. How is the Bible described ?

Ans. *As Pure.*

The words of the Lord are pure words : as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.—Psa. 12 : 6.

Thy word is very pure : therefore thy servant loveth it.—Psa. 119 : 140.

Every word of God is pure : he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.—Prov. 30 : 5.

As True.

Thy word is true from the beginning ; and every one of thy righteous judgment endureth forever.—Psa. 119 : 160.

Sanctify them through thy truth ; thy word is truth.—John 17 : 17.

As Perfect.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul ; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.—Psa. 19 : 7.

As Precious.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Ps. 19 : 10.

As Powerful.

For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Heb. 4 : 12.

As Spiritual.

For we know that the law is spiritual : but I am carnal, sold unto sin.—Rom. 7 : 14.

As Holy.

Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.—Rom. 7 : 12.

As Broad.

I have seen an end of all perfection ; but thy commandment is exceeding broad.—Psa. 119 : 96.

RECITATION.

WHAT THE BIBLE TELLS US.

This is a precious book indeed,
Happy the child who loves to read ;
'Tis God's own book which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven.

It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obeyed ;
And his commands are in it too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

And what is more than all besides,
The Bible tells us Jesus died;
This is its first, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Let us be thankful that we may,
Read this good Bible every day;
And learn the way that God hath given
To lead our souls to peace and heaven.



PRIMARY CLASS EXERCISE.

THE BEST BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

Note. The teacher of the Primary Class is to ask the *questions*, and the *answers* may be given by the class in concert, or singly as the teacher thinks most desirable.

All the class recite :

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity; they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!—Ps. 119 : 1—5.

Ques. What is the best book God has given to children?

Ans. The Bible.

Ques. Why is the Bible the best of books?

Ans. Because it shows us the way to heaven.

Ques. How ought we to feel toward God for giving it to us?

Ans. We ought to be very thankful.

Ques. Does the Bible teach us to be holy?

Ans. It does.

Ques. What is it to be holy?

Ans. It is to be so very good as not to speak anything bad.

ALL THE CLASS REPEAT :

O Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

Ques. What proves that the Bible came from God?

Ans. Because it declares many things that God only could know.

Ques. What part of the Bible contains the account of our Saviour's Life?

Ans. The New Testament.

Ques. What did He say about the Bible when talking with the Jews?

Ans. Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of me.

THE CLASS SING OR RECITE ;

Lord, thy words are dearer far,
Than earth's choicest treasures are :
Purest gold or costly gem,
Are but dust compared with them.

SINGING : " My precious Bible." *Silver Spray*, p. 7.

RECITATION.

Thank God for the Bible, 'tis there that we find,
The story of Christ and his love —
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above ;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above.

In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come ;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home ;
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No, we gladly obey,
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there, he's prepared us a home.

Thank God for the Bible ; its truths o'er the earth
We'll scatter with a bountiful hand ;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,

There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven — that beautiful land.

Ques. For what is the Bible given us?

Ans. To make us wise unto salvation. —

2 Tim. 3 : 15.

And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

For safety. — Acts 11 : 14.

Who shall tell thee words, whereby thou, and all thy house shall be saved.

For a guide. — 2 Peter 1 : 19.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts:

For doctrine, reproof, &c. — 2 Tim. 3 : 16.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

For sanctification. — John 17 ; 17, 18, 19.

Sanctify them through thy truth : thy word is truth.

As thou hast sent me into the world : even so have I also sent them into the world.

And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

For our temporal good. — Acts 20 : 32.

And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

For our comfort. — Rom. 15 : 4.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.

Ques. How should the Bible be read ?

With Reverence.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak : for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints ; but let them not turn again to folly.—Ps. 85 : 8.

With Faith.

Teach me good judgment and knowledge ; for I have believed thy commandments.—Ps. 119 : 66.

With Meekness.

Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.—Jas. 1 : 21. Ps. 119 : 33.

With Prayer.

Show me thy ways, O Lord ; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me : for thou art the God of my salvation : on thee do I wait all the day.—Ps. 25 : 4, 5.

Daily.

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.—Acts 17 : 11.

Ques. The Bible is sometimes called a Lamp : why is it ?

Ans. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psa. 119 : 105.

The entrance of thy words giveth light;
it giveth understanding unto the simple.—
Psa. 119: 130. Also in Prov. 6: 20—23;
Eph. 5: 13, 14; Hosea 6: 5; 2 Cor. 4: 4.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

RECITATION.

INSTRUCTION IN THE BIBLE.

I love the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;

Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

SINGING: "Blessed Bible." *Golden Censer*,
p. 42.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

Ques. How many books in the Old Testament?

Ans. Thirty-nine.

Ques. How many chapters?

Ans. Nine hundred and twenty-nine.

Ques. How many verses?

Ans. Twenty-three thousand two hundred and fourteen.

Ques. How many words?

Ans. Five hundred and ninety-two thousand four hundred and thirty-nine.

Ques. How many letters?

Ans. Two million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand one hundred.

Ques. How many books in the New Testament?

Ans. Twenty-seven.

Ques. How many chapters ?

Ans. Two hundred and sixty.

Ques. How many verses ?

Ans. Seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine.

Ques. How many words ?

Ans. One hundred and eighty one thousand two hundred and fifty-three.

Ques. How many letters ?

Ans. Eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty.

Ques. How many books, chapters, verses, words and letters in both Old and New Testament ?

Ans. Sixty-six Books, one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine chapters, thirty-one thousand one hundred seventy-three verses, seven hundred seventy-three thousand six hundred ninety-two words, three million, five hundred sixty-six thousand four hundred eighty letters.

Ques. What is the middle chapter, also the least in the Bible ?

Ans. One hundred and seventeen Psalm.

Ques. What is the middle verse ?

Ans. Eighth verse of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm.

Ques. What is the middle book in the Old Testament?

Ans. Proverbs.

Ques. Middle chapter?

Ans. Twenty-ninth chapter of Job.

Ques. Middle book of the New Testament?

Ans. Second Thessalonians.

Ques. Middle chapters?

Ans. Thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Romans.

Ques. What is the least verse in the Bible?

Ans. John 11: 35.

Ques. How many times does the word *And* occur?

Ans. Thirty-five thousand five hundred and forty-three times in the Old, and ten thousand six hundred and eighty-four times in the New Testament, making forty-six thousand two hundred twenty-seven times in both.

Ques. How many times *Jehovah*?

Ans. Six thousand eight hundred fifty-five times.

Ques. What verse contains all the letters of the alphabet?

Ans. Twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra.

Ques. What two chapters are alike?

Ans. Nineteenth of 2 Kings and thirty-seventh of Isaiah.

Ques. Who collected the different parts of the Old Testament?

Ans. Ezra.

Ques. Who divided the Bible into chapters and verses?

Ans. It was divided into chapters by Cardinal Hugs, about 1240, and into verses by a Jewish Rabbi, named Mordecai Nathan, about 1445.

Ques. How many persons were employed by King James in translating the Bible into English?

Ans. Forty-seven persons, who commenced in 1606, and finished it for publication in 1611.

Ques. Into how many languages has the Bible been translated ?

Ans. The British and Foreign Bible Society have published the Bible entire, or in parts, in one hundred and seventy-three different languages or dialects.

Ques. How long a time must we read daily to read the Bible through in a year ?

Ans. Nine minutes, forty-two seconds.

Ques. How long a time to read continually ?

Ans. Fifty-nine hours, thirty minutes.

SINGING : "The Bible." *Fresh Laurels*,
p. 89.

RECITATION.

The Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories the pages unfold ;
It speaks of a Saviour and tells of his love,
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

The Bible, the Bible, blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth ;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

The Bible, the Bible, we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

The Bible, the Bible, the valleys shall ring
And hill tops re-echo the notes that we sing ;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our school.

Ques. Why do good men love the Bible ?

Ans. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward. Psal. 19 : 7, 11.

Ques. Why do bad men dislike it ?

Ans. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. — John 3: 17, 20.

Ques. What is the advantage of studying the Bible?

Ans. The bands of the wicked have robbed me: but I have not forgotten thy law.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Through thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

Therefore I love thy commandments above gold: yea, above fine gold.—Psalms 119, 61, 72, 98, 103, 104, 109, 127.

Ques. What is the danger of rejecting it?

Ans. And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.—John 14 : 47, 48
John 3 : 16 ; Mark 16 : 16 ; Luke 10 : 16 ;
Heb 2 : 3—10, 28 ; 12 : 25.

RECITATION.

THE WISDOM OF THE BIBLE.

“Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace,
Our path when won't to stray ;
Stream from the font of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way.

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read,
Of realms beyond the sky.

Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor, and our stay.

Word of the everlasting God,
Will of his glorious son ;
Without thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won.”

Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts.

Ques. In view of these things, how
should the Bible be regarded ?

Ans. *With respect.*

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.—Psa. 119 : 15.

With delight.

I will delight myself in thy statutes; I will not forget thy word.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments which I have loved.—Psalms 119 : 16, 47, 24, 77, 174.

With wonder.

Open thou my eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Psa. 119 : 18.

With love.

O how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

I hate vain thoughts; but thy law do I love.

My soul hath kept thy testimonies; and I love them exceedingly.—Ps. 97, 113, 167.

With comfort.

I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord; and I have comforted myself.—Psa. 119 : 52.

School and Congregation unite in singing:

Tune Shirland :

How perfect is thy word!

And all thy judgments just!

Forever sure thy promise, Lord,

And we securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain

Are thy directions given!

O, may I never read in vain,

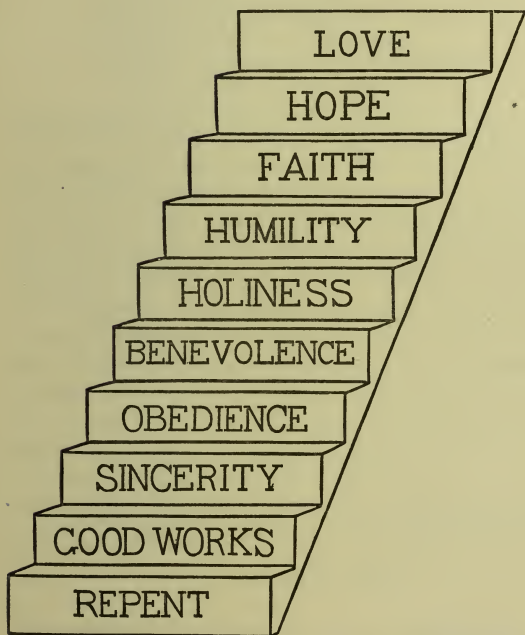
But find the path to heaven.



STEPS HEAVENWARD.



STEPS HEAVENWARD.



DIRECTIONS.—The interest of this Exercise will be much increased if a plan something like the design given above is arranged. Prepare two pieces of wood for the sides in the same manner as a carpenter prepares the supports of stairs, thus:



Also, prepare 10 blocks of wood, (boxes made of thin boards would be light and inexpensive), and letter them according to diagram; the two supports should be placed as far apart as the boxes are long, and should be fastened in position before the exercises commence. When the "1st Scholar" has recited, he is to place the block lettered "Repent" at the foot of the supports, then the "2d Scholar," after reciting, places "Good Works," above "Repent," and so on, place the blocks on the supports in regular order, and when completed a series of "STEPS HEAVENWARD" will be shown. The diagram given is very imperfect, and was only given to furnish some idea of the manner it was to be recited. The blocks and supports can be made of any desired size to suit those who use the Exercise. It may be recited without preparing the blocks, by simply writing on the blackboard the names of the STEPS in the order they are recited.

THE EXERCISE.

1st Scholar. — The first step heavenward is Repentance.

Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing.

For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of.—2 Cor. 7: 9, 10.

“Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow,
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!”

The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.—Rom. 2: 4.

Places block, “REPENT.”

2d Scholar.—Good Works.

Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles: that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by YOUR good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.—1 Peter 2: 12.

“Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.”

Likewise also the good works OF SOME are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be hid.—1 Tim 5: 25.

Places block, “GOOD WORKS.”

3d Scholar.—Sincerity.

Grace BE with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.—Eph. 6: 24.

“God is a spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there."

In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine **SHEWING** uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity.—Titus 2: 7.

Places block, "SINCERITY."

4th Scholar.—Obedience.

Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?—Rom. 6: 16.

"We trust in thee; in thee, O Lord,
 Is full redemption found;
 Thy mercy pardons every sin,
 And closes every wound."

For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.

Rom. 5: 19.

Places block, "OBEDIENCE."

5th Scholar.—Benevolence.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, **SO LET HIM GIVE**; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9: 6, 7.

"How blest is he who fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with liberal hands!

As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need,
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed."

It is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever.—2 Cor. 9: 9.

Places block, "BENEVOLENCE."

SINGING.—"Living for Jesus."

ROYAL DIADEM. p. 136.

6th Scholar.—*Holiness.*

For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness.

1 Thess. 4: 7.

"My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find."

Follow peace with all MEN, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.—Heb. 12: 14.

Places block, "HOLINESS."

7th Scholar.—*Humility.*

Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time —1 Peter 5: 5, 6.

"To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod."

By humility AND the fear of the LORD ARE riches, and honour, and life.—Prov. 22: 4.

Places block, "HUMILITY."

8th Scholar.—*Faith.*

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11: 1.

"Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone."

It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures."

But without faith IT IS impossible to please HIM: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and THAT he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.—Heb. 11: 6.

Places block, "FAITH."

9th Scholar.—*Hope.*

Which HOPE we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.

Heb. 6: 19.

"'Tis by the hope of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Hope is our guide, and hope our light."

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.—1 John 3: 3.

Places block, "HOPE."

10th Scholar.—*Love.*

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth
God love his brother also.—1 John 4: 20, 21.

“Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell, —
Or could my faith the world remove, —
Still I am nothing without love.”

Let brotherly love continue.—Heb. 13: 1.

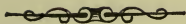
Places block, “LOVE.”

School and Congregation sing :

“So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

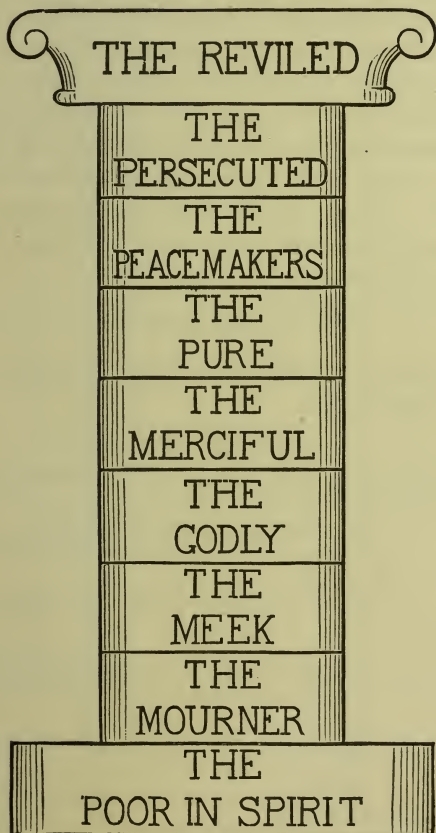




Column of Beatitudes.



COLUMN OF BEATITUDES.



Directions. Prepare blocks, lettered with the names of the various beatitudes, similar in style to diagram given above. They may be made of wood, and painted white, with black letters, of any desired size, taking care to preserve the proportions. Those who are to recite the exercise should stand in a half circle round the column, taking position during the singing of "Each one has a mission," and return to their seats during the chant of "The Beatitudes."

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING ; "Each one has a mission."
The Prize, p. 96.

ALL RECITE.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain ; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him ;

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven —Matt. 5 : 1, 2, 3.

First Scholar ; (laying block, *The Poor in Spirit*),

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 18 : 4.

"Blest are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Before honor is humility.—Prov. 18 : 12.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted,
Matt. 5 : 4.

Second Scholar (laying block, *The Mourner*).

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart.

Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.—Eccles. 7 : 2, 3.

“Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.—Ps. 94 : 12.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.—Matt. 5 : 5.

Third Scholar; (laying block, *The Meek*.)

To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men.—Titus 3 : 2.

“Blest are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war,
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted—Gal. 6 ; 1.

“Blest are the meek,” he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.—Matt. 5 : 6.

Fourth Scholar ; (laying block, *The Godly*).

He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly ; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil :

He shall dwell on high ; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks : bread shall be given him ; his waters shall be sure.—Isa. 35 : 15, 16.

“Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supply’d and fed
With living streams and living bread.

But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4 : 18.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt. 5 : 7.

Fifth Scholar : (laying block, *The Merciful*).

The merciful man doeth good to his own soul ; but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.—Prov. 11 : 17.

“Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.—Luke 6 : 36.

SINGING : “The Pure in Heart.” *Fresh Laurels*, p. 46.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.—Matt. 5 : 8.

Sixth Scholar ; (laying block, *The Pure*).

Unto the pure all things are pure ; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure ; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.—Titus 1 : 15.

“Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.”

Neither be partaker of other men’s sins ; keep thyself pure.—
1 Tim. 5 : 22.

“Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs :
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are the peacemakers ; for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5 : 9.

Seventh Scholar ; (laying block, *The Peacemakers*).

Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to hold together in unity !

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garments :—Psa. 133 : 1, 2.

“Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God — the God of peace.”

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.—Rom. 12 : 18.

“Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.”

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 5 : 10.

Eighth Scholar; (laying block, *The Persecuted*).

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2 : 10.

“Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Eternal life is their reward.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you:

But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.—1 Pet. 4 : 12, 13.

ALL RECITE.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matt. 5 : 11, 12.

Ninth Scholar ; (laying block, *The Reviled*).

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.—Jas. 1 : 2.

“Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus’ sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.”

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye : for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you ; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.—1 Pet. 4 : 14.

ALL RECITE.

“O, blest in spirit are the poor ;
The heavenly kingdom they possess ;
And they that mourn shall mourn no more,
The mourners, God will surely bless.

The meek in heart, the Lord will bless,
And they shall dwell in all the land ;
And those who thirst for righteousness,
They shall be filled from God’s own hand.

O, blessed are the merciful,
For mercy they shall sure obtain ;
And blessed are the pure in soul,
For they God’s favor shall reclaim.

O, blest are they who strive for peace,
For they shall be the Lord’s delight :
The heavenly kingdom shall increase,
In those who suffer for the right.

O, blest are they whom men revile,
And persecute for Jesus’ sake ;
They shall rejoice in God’s own smile,
And rich reward from heaven take.”

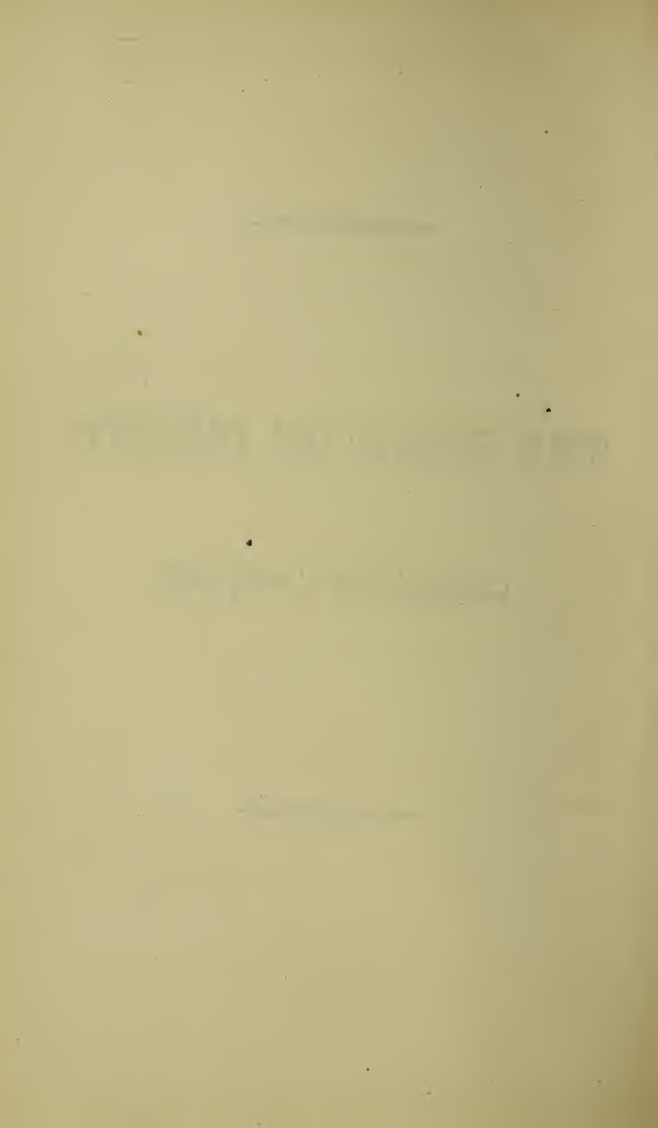
SINGING : “ The Beatitudes.” *Fresh Laurels*, p. 136.

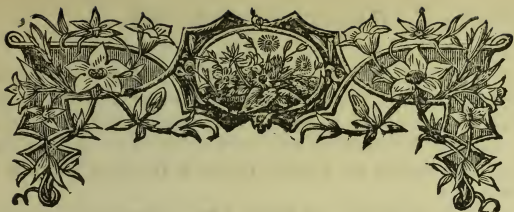


THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

CHRISTMAS EXERCISE.







THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

DIRECTIONS.—The different parts of this Exercise are to be recited in the order in which they are numbered ; and the order of recitation should be so perfectly understood by those who recite, that no announcement may be necessary from beginning to end, save the mentioning of the subjects of the different parts, and the selections for singing, by the Superintendent.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING :—“ Children, sing a Christmas Carol.” *Royal Diadem*, p. 32.

School and Superintendent read alternately selections from Isaiah, 52d chapter.

Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.

Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.

For thus saith the LORD, Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money.

For thus saith the Lord God, My people went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn there; and the Assyrian oppressed them without cause.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion Thy God reigneth!

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the LORD shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the LORD hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The LORD hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

PRAYER.

SINGING :—"Hark, hark, my soul." *Pure Gold*, p. 94.

SUPT.—Far back in the ages, God made known his will to the world by messengers to his chosen people, Israel, and through them to the nations. The messengers were called prophets, and although they lived in different periods of the world, separated from each other by centuries, they one and all pointed

forth to the coming of a Messiah, who would be the Saviour of the world. What are some of these prophecies?

1.

The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.—Gen. 49: 10.

2.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears.

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.—Isa. 11: 1-5.

3.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.—Isa. 53: 1, 2, 3.

4.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.—Isa. 53: 4, 5.

5.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.—Isa. 53: 6, 7.

6.

Behold, the LORD hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.—Isa. 62: 11.

7.

“Swift fly the years and rise the expected morn,
O, spring to life, auspicious babe be born.
Hark, the glad sound the lonely desert cheers,
Prepare the way, a God, a God appears.
A God, a God, the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies,
Sink down ye mountains and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay,
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way;
The Saviour comes by ancient bards foretold,
Hear him ye earth, let all the earth behold.”

SUPT.—What are some of the prophecies referring to the birth of Christ?

1.

Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.—Isa. 7: 14.

2.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this.—Isa. 9: 6, 7.

3.

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel: whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.—Micah 5: 2.

4.

“Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.”

SINGING:—“Hallelujah, hark, from above.”
Royal Diadem, p. 64.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

1.

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)—Luke 2: 1, 2.

2.

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and lineage of David;)

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife.—Luke 2: 3, 4, 5.

3.

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.—Luke 2: 7, 8.

4.

“Night, night,
No sun to light the way;
Long since has passed the day.
The moon with feeble light
Shines faintly on the night.
Shepherds lie on the ground,
While quiet reigns around.
The flocks graze at their side,
Desiring nought beside.
No sound of joy or mirth,—
A silence fills the earth.”

5.

But, holy shepherds, soon you'll hear,
Great news, glad tidings of great cheer
The angel voices shall proclaim
The name of Jesus, sweetest name.

6.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.—Luke 2 : 9 : 10.

7.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.—Luke 2 : 11, 12.

8.

“ Hark ! hark !

Forms are seen amid the air,

Clad in white, behold how fair.

Angel voices too, we hear,

Crying loudly, never fear.

Hear them shouting from afar

Honor to the morning star.

Hear the blessed words they say,

To you a Saviour's born to-day.”

9.

Calm on the listening ear of night

Come heaven's melodious strains,

Where wild Judea stretches far

Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,

Shed sacred glories there,

And angels, with their sparkling lyres,

Make music on the air.

The joyous hills of Palestine

Send back the glad reply,

And greet, from all their holy heights,

The dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Aloud with anthems ring:
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!"

10.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2: 13, 14.

SINGING: "Peace upon earth." *Pure Gold*, p. 100.



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHRISTMAS POETRY.

1.

CHRISTMAS.

"Hark, through the skies the glad anthem is ringing,
 The glory effulgent of heaven is shown;
 Angels of light the loud chorus are singing,
 Jehovah's dear son, the Messiah, to own.

Lo, the rude shepherds their flocks while attending,
 And wearied of watching, are startled with fright;
 For see, a bright angel — in clouds is descending,
 While darkness gives place to a heavenly light.

And hearken the message — good tidings I bring;
 The Saviour long promised, in Juda is born;
 Oh, hasten to greet him, and worship your King,
 Ere burst o'er the mountains, the beams of the morn.

And sudden, all heaven with melody fired,
 In rapt adoration the chorus prolong;
 And cherub and seraph with rapture inspired,
 The glad allelulia attune in their song.
 To God in the highest all glory be given;
 And peace be to men of good will upon earth,
 For down his Redeemer is stooping from heaven,
 Rejoice all ye lands — 'tis the morn of his birth."

2.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

AN ACROSTIC.

"Come and hear the Christmas bells;
 Hark! they call me from my lair;
 Ringing, jingling here and there,
 Introducing songs in air,
 Sweetly sounding everywhere,
 'Tis, oh, 'tis the Christmas bells!
 Merrily, merrily, now they ring,
 And the snow-flakes seem to sing
 Songs unknown by Christmas bells.

Bells are humming; bells are coming;
 Even now I hear them jingling;—
 Listen! Christmas bells are ringing;
 Listen! Angel choirs are singing
 Songs unknown by Christmas bells."

3.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!
 There's a star in the sky!
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry!
 And the star reigns its fire while the Beautiful sing
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.
 Aye! the star reigns its fire and the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled ;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.
 Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
 In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Aye! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
 And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King."

4.

PEACE ON EARTH.—GOOD WILL TO MEN.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
 Their old familiar carols play ;
 And wild and sweet their words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.
 And thought, how as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom,
 Had roll'd along th' unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.
 'Till ringing, singing on the way
 The world revolved from day to day,
 A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
 Of peace on earth, good will to men."

SINGING : " Strike your harps, ye saints in
 glory." *Royal Diadem*, p. 33.

1.

THE VISIT OF THE SHEPHERDS.

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.—Luke 2 : 15, 16.

2.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it, wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.—Luke 2 : 17, 18.

3.

But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.—Luke 2 : 19, 20.

THE OFFERING OF THE WISE MEN.

1.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews ? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.—Matt. 2 : 1, 2.

2.

A beautiful star of purest light,
On Bethlehem rose divinely fair ;
And over the infant Saviour smiled,
While angels blessed the Holy Child.

That wonderful star whose beams of old,
The prophets in their song foretold,
That wonderful star that came to earth,
Bright herald of the Saviour's birth.

3.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. — Matt. 2 : 3, 4.

4.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea : for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah : for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel. — Matt. 2 : 5, 6.

5.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child ; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. — Matt. 2 : 7, 8.

6.

When they had heard the king, they departed ; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. — Matt. 2 : 9.

7.

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray.
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

8.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. — Matt. 2 : 10.

9.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

10.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—Matt. 2: 11

11.

Saw you never in the twilight,
When the sun has left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Thro' the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men watching
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.

12.

Heard you never of the story,
How they crossed the desert wild,

Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
 Till they found the Holy Child ?
 How they opened all their treasure
 Kneeling to that infant King,
 Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
 Gave the myrrh in offering ?

THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

FOR THREE LITTLE BOYS.

- All. "We three kings of Orient are ;
 Bearing gifts we traverse afar
 Field and fountain,
 Moor and mountain,
 Following yonder star."
- 1st. Boy. "Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again —
 King for ever,
 Ceasing never
 Over us all to reign."
- 2nd Boy. "*Frankincense* to offer have I:
 Incense owns a Deity nigh ;
 Prayer and praising
 All men raising,
 Worship him, God on high."
- 3d Boy. "*Myrrh* is mine : its bitter perfume
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom —
 Sorrowing, sighing,
 Bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone cold tomb."
- All. "Glorious now behold him arise,
 King and God and Sacrifice ;
 Heaven singing,
 Hallelujah ;
 Joyous the earth replies.

SINGING: "Clap your hands for joy, ye people." *Royal Diadem*, p. 116.

Ques. by Supt. What name was given this infant Saviour ?

1.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins. — Matt. 1: 21.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise, —
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

2.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

3.

Neither is there salvation in any other ; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved. — Acts. 4: 12.

Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

4.

Wherefore God also hath exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name. — Phil. 2: 9.

Jesus, I love thy charming name ;
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.

5.

Jesus! delightful, charming name!
 It spreads a fragrance round:
 Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
 In union here are found.

He is our life, our joy, our strength ;
 In him all glories meet ;
 He is a shade above our heads,
 A light to guide our feet.

Through every age he's still the same ;
 But we ungrateful prove,
 Forget the savour of his name,
 The sweetness of his love.

6.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ;
 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. — Phil. 2: 10, 11.

Jesus, in thy transporting name
 What glories meet our eyes !
 Thou art the seraphs' lofty theme,
 The wonder of the skies.

Well might the heavens with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine ;
 No thought of angels ever knew
 Compassion so divine.

7.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear,

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

School and Congregation sing:

All hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.





JESUS, OUR STAR.

CHRISTMAS EXERCISE.





JESUS, OUR STAR.

CHRISTMAS EXERCISE.



DIRECTIONS. — Suspend on the wall a large star made of card-board, and covered with gilt paper, care being taken to have some small hooks placed in position on the star upon which to place the letters. The letters are to be made of card-board, and

covered with evergreen. As each scholar recites, let him place his letter in position on the star, and when the motto is completed, "Jesus Our Star," will shine forth with its green letters, with fine effect.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING.—"Ring out Christmas Bells."—*River of Life*, p. 120.

Alternate Reading.—Matt. 2: 1--10.

Supt.—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

School.—Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his Star in the East, and are come to worship him.

Supt.—When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

School.—And when he had gathered all the chief Priests and Scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

Supt.—And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; For thus it is written by the Prophet:

School.—And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are not the least among the Princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people, Israel.

Supt.—Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the Star appeared.

School.—And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go, and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

Supt.—When they had heard the King, they departed, and lo, the Star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

School.—When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

PRAYER.

SINGING: "Sweet Carol." *River of Life*,
p. 125.

RECITATION.

1st Scholar.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

J.

2nd Scholar. The birth of Christ was announced with *Joy*.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.—Luke 2: 10.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

E.

3d Scholar. It was announced with *Eagerness*.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.—Luke 2: 13.

Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 "Glory be to God most high!"

S.

4th Scholar. It was announced with *Singing*.

Praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2: 13, 14.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
 “Glory to the new-born King:
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled.”

U.

5th Scholar. It was announced with *Universal Rejoicing*.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.—Luke 2: 20.

“Glory to God!” the sounding skies .
 Aloud with anthems ring;
 “Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven’s eternal King!”

S.

6th Scholar. He was announced as a *Saviour*.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2: 11.

In worship so divine
 Let men employ their tongues;
 With the celestial host we join,
 And loud repeat their songs:—
 “Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth:
 Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer’s birth.”

SINGING: "Ring, Merry Bells." *Songs for to-day*, p. 123.

O.

7th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Obedience.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men.

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. 2: 5—8.

U.

8th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Unity.

And the King shall answer, and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.—Matt. 25: 40, 45.

R.

9th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Righteousness.

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.—2 Cor. 5: 21.

S.

10th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Salvation.

Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience, by the things which he suffered :

And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.—Heb. 5 : 8, 9.

'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David's Son and David's Lord,
Sacrificed to bring us favor ;
'Tis a true and faithful word.

T.

11th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Trust.

And such trust have we through Christ to God-ward :—2 Cor.
3 : 4.

"'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

A.

12th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Atonement.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,
that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by
whose stripes ye were healed.—1 Peter 2 : 24.

But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands ;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.

R.

13th Scholar. The birth of Christ brought
Redemption.

But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption : — 1 Cor. 1 : 30.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood ;
Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels near to God.

SINGING : " The Bethlehem Star." *Songs for To Day*, p. 120.

14th Scholar. I am the root and offspring
of David, the bright and morning star.
—Rev. 22 : 16.

Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright and morning star.

RECITATION.

15th Scholar.

Bright was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.

But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

O, haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

RECITATION.

16th Scholar. There shall come a Star out
of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of
Israel.

Morning star in splendor shining,
Glad we hail thee on thy way ;
While we shout with happy voices,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

See the desert robed in beauty,
See the Rose of Sharon bloom ;
While the Lily of the Valley,
Breathes again its sweet perfume.

Loud hosannas hail his coming,
Glory crowns his humble birth,
Trumpet tongues report the story
Peace, good will to all on earth.

Son of David, Prince of Glory,
Born to set thy people free ;
Reign forever, King eternal,
All the world is blest in thee.

School and Congregation unite in singing :

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

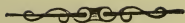
When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks —
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!





Crossing the River.





CROSSING THE RIVER.

NOTE. — While this Exercise is particularly adapted for “Memorial Observances,” it will be found profitable for use on any occasion. It is to be recited in the usual way, the questions being asked by Supt., and the answers being given by different members of the school. The recitations of poetry should be assigned to those members of the school possessing the most distinct and clearest voices.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING ; “One by one, we cross the River.” *Silver Spray*, p. 131.

RECITATION.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

'Tis the river of death rolling here at my feet,
And beyond it I see such a peaceful retreat ;
Such a beautiful land on the opposite shore,
Where sorrow and weeping shall come never more.

Jesus stands on the shore, and he beckons to me,
As if he would help me to come without fear ;
His hand is outstretched o'er the stream to take mine,
I come, precious Saviour, no more here to roam.

Ques.—What is said of this River of Death ?

Ans.—Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts : all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Psal. 42 : 7.

For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas : and the floods compassed me about : all thy billows and thy waves passed over me.

The waters compassed me about even to the soul ; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.—Jonah 2 : 3, 5.

Ques.—Must all cross this River ?

Ans.—Thus saith the Lord, Set thy house in order : for thou shalt die and not live.—Isa. 38 : 1.

Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me. 2 Peter, 1 : 14.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth ; and mine age is as nothing before thee : verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity.—Psal. 39 : 5.

For we know that if our earthly house of

this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. 5 : 1.

RECITATION.

“There came a little child with sunny hair,
All fearless to the brink of Death’s dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the Joy and Giver;
And, as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say, ‘My Saviour makes them bright.’

Next came a youth with bearing most serene,
Nor turned a single backward look of sadness;
But, as he left each gay and flowery scene,
Smiling declared, ‘My soul is thrilled with gladness!
What earth deems bright, forever I resign,
Joyful, but this to know, that Christ is mine.’

An aged mourner, trembling tottered by,
And paused a moment by the swelling river;
Then glided on beneath the shadowy sky,
Singing, ‘Christ Jesus is my strength forever!
Upon his arm my feeble soul I lean;
My glance meets his without a cloud between.’”

And scarce her last triumphant note had died,
Ere hastened on a man of wealth and learning,
Who cast at once his bright renown aside,
These only words unto his friends returning;
‘Christ for my wisdom thankfully I own,
And, “as a little child” I seek his throne.’

Then saw I this: that whether guileless child,
Or youth, or age, or genius won salvation,
Each *self-renouncing* came; on each God smiled:
Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
For loss of friends, earth’s pleasures and renown;
Each entered heaven, and by His side sat down.”

SINGING: "Waiting, only Waiting." *Silver Spray*, p. 88.

Ques.—How are the waters of the River of Death described?

Ans.—God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.—Psa. 46: 1, 2, 3.

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.—Psa. 124: 3, 4, 5.

RECITATION.

OVER THE RIVER.

"Over the river they beckon to me —

Loved ones who have crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the dashing tide.

And none return from those quiet shores,

Who cross with the boatman pale and cold;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,

And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.

And lo! they have passed from the yearning heart,

They cross the stream, and are gone for aye

We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barques no more
May sail with ours o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shores of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved ones who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel Death shall carry me."

Ques.—Who sustains the Christian as he crosses this River?

Ans.—When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee:

For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.—Isa. 42: 2, 3.

Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters,

where the floods overflow me.—Psa. 69 : 1, 2.

And he brought me through the waters.—Ezek. 47 : 3.

The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want ;

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.—Psa. 23 : 1, 2, 3, 4.

RECITATION.

LOOK BEYOND.

“Departing soul, the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet look on the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore.
There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide,
There the just in shining raiment,
Wander by Immanuel side.

Linger not the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.
Hark, the sound of angels humming,

Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear,
Let the walls and golden portals
Through the mists of death appear."

SINGING: "We are waiting by the River."
Silver Spray, p. 34.

Ques. How does Bunyan tell us, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, that Christian crossed the river?

Ans. And I saw in my dream, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep. At the sight thereof of this river the pilgrims were much stunned: but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, No; you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place. They then adressed themselves to the waters, and entering, Christian began to sink, and cried out to his friend, I sink in deep waters. Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom and it is good. And I saw that they both took courage, and presently found good ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river

was but shallow. Thus they got over, and I saw that two shining ones met them.

RECITATION.

CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

"River of Death, thy stream I see,
Between the bright city of rest and me ;
Fearless thy sable surge I'll brave,
For sweet is the prospect beyond the grave.
Waft me, oh, waft me safely o'er,
And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

Why should I fear to stem the tide,
With him who has loved me as guard and guide,
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood.

What is it gilds thy darksome foam ?
'Tis the light shining forth from my happy home ;
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.

Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes.
Saviour, I come, I soon shall be
Among the saints ransomed by Calvary.
Waft me, oh, waft me safely home,
And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore."

Ques.—How did Christiana cross ?

Ans.—Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the

city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say, were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and to bless thee. So she went, and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband, Christian, had entered with before her

RECITATION.

WHEN WE GO UP FROM JORDAN.

“When we go up from Jordan,
And reach the shining shore,
Our trials then will all be past,
Our cares and sorrows o’er.
Across Death’s stormy river,
We ne’er shall pass again,
But with our God forevermore,
In endless glory reign.

When we go up from Jordan,
What beams of heavenly light,
What scenes of perfect holiness,
Will greet our raptured sight.
How then we’ll bless the wisdom
That planned the narrow way
Wherein the pilgrim’s feet might tread,
And never go astray.

When we go up from Jordan,
And press the emerald banks,
The angels there will welcome us,
In bright and shining ranks.
We’ll change our earthly garments
To robes the ransomed wear,
Our crosses for immortal crowns;
O, when shall we get there.”

SINGING: "We shall meet beyond the river." *Winnowed Hymns*, p. 23.

RECITATION.

"And often I sit at the casement alone,
And I list, if perchance I may hear,
The flutter of sails, and the rushing of waves,
And the dash of a gilded oar,
As the boatman starts from his emerald caves
To carry me down to the shore —
And I wait for the swoop of an angel wing.
And a clasp of an angel hand,
For the sound of a harp, or the chant of a hymn,
And the light of the glory band.

But alas! I listen and wait in vain;
Yet I know that my weary feet
Shall wander ere long from the valley of pain
To the river so solemn and sweet.
I shall go with the boatman, changeless and pale.
And each woe that my heart has known,
Each agonized cry, each desolate wail,
Each fearful and piteous moan,
Shall be swept away by the murmurous waves,
From my spirit so joyous and free,
When I see the smiles of the lovely who wait
On the beautiful shore for me."

Ques.—What are the feelings of the Christian as he crosses the dark river?

Ans.—For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the right-

eous judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.—2 Tim., 4: 6, 7, 8.

“ And we only know, when we hear no more,
 As we watch for the parting breath,
 That an angel is tenderly lifting them down
 The banks of the river of death —
 Only know that their footsteps are pressing the sands
 That are washed by the hurrying waves.
 And that over the billows outstretched are their hands,
 To the shore that their brightnees laves.”

Ques.—What will he find on the other side?

Ans.—And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

Having the glory of God ; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.—Rev. 21: 10, 11.

O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!—
 Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore :
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

Ques. Who will welcome him there ?

Ans. Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they.—
Heb. 1 : 4.

“ They are waiting for the coming,
Angels on the other shore,
Waiting to receive the ransomed
When the storms of life are o’er.
Watching at the shining portals
Of our Father’s mansion fair,
They will strike their harps of glory,
They will bid us welcome there.

In the sunny vales of Eden,
By the river, clear and bright,
Where the tree of life is planted,
And our faith is lost in sight,
We shall join the church triumphant,
Free from sorrow, toil and care,
Every tie again united
There will be no parting there.

School and Congregation unite in Singing.

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have tread :
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHORUS — Yes ; we’ll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

CHORUS — Yes ; we’ll gather at the river, etc.



The Golden City.





THE GOLDEN CITY.

Note. This exercise can be used for recitation by classes if desired, additional references being found by use of a Concordance or Manual. The Superintendent is to ask the *questions*, and the *answers* are given by different scholars or classes.

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING : "Beautiful Eden." *Pure Gold*, p. 82.

PRAYER.

SINGING : "The Bright Forever." *Pure Gold*, p. 108.

RECITATION.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

Not far away does this golden city stand,
'Tis but the mist over its dividing stream
That wraps the glory of its glittering strand,
Its radiant skies, and mountains' silvery gleams.
Oh, often in the blindness of our fate,
We wander very near the city's golden gate.

We love that unseen city ; and we yearn
Ever within our earthly homes to see
Its golden towers, that in the sunlight burns.
Its white walls, rising from the quiet sea ;
Its mansions glittering with immortal show,
Filled with the treasure lost to us below.

Oh, dear to us that city ! He is there.
He whom unseen we love. No need of light,
His tender eyes illumine the crystal air,
Where his beloved walk in vesture white.
What though on earth they wandered ; poor, distressed,
And saw through tears his glory ? now they rest.

Oh ! that fair city ! shining o'er the tide ;
Thither we journey, through the storm and night.
But soon shall we adown its still bay glide ;
Soon will the city's gate gleam on our sight ;
Then with our own forever shall we be,
In that Golden City rising from the sea.

Ques. Where is this Golden City ?

Ans. Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth
not in temples made with hands : as saith
the prophet.

Heaven is my throne, and earth is my
footstool : what house will ye build me ?
saith the Lord ; or what is the place of my
rest ?

Hath not my hand made all these things ?
—Acts 7 : 48, 49, 50. Also, Psa. 103 : 11 ;
Psa. 115 : 16 ; Isa. 66 : 1.

Ques. How has this Beautiful City been described ?

Ans. And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel.

On the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And he that talked with me, had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth ; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs : the length and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred, and forty, and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the anvel.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcidony, the fourth an emerald.

The fifth sardonyx, the sixth sardius, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth a topaz, the tenth a chrysoprasus, the eleventh a jacinth, the twelfth an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.—Rev. 21 : 12—21.

RECITATION.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS ABOVE.

“There’s a beautiful *river* above,
Which flows from the midst of the throne,
Whose surface no tempests disturb,
Unruffled it sweetly flows on.

There’s a beautiful *city* above,
With walls decked with jewels so rare,
With streets of pure, bright shining gold,
With which nothing on earth can compare.

There are beautiful *mansions* above,
Prepared by the Saviour for those
Who look for salvation to him
And on himself repose.

There's a beautiful *anthem* above,
Which the glorified ever shall sing,
Whose notes as they swell through the heavens,
Sweet praise to the Saviour shall bring.

There are beautiful *angels* above,
Surrounding the throne of the Lamb,
Whose service — blest service — it is
To worship unceasing his name.

And *all* these bright, beautiful things,
And more than the heart can conceive,
Are offered by God in his love,
To all who on Jesus believe."

SINGING : " Beautiful Land of Song."
Pure Gold, p. 64.

MOTTO EXERCISE.

THE GOLDEN CITY.
OUR HOME.

Note. Place upon the wall behind the Superintendent's desk, or in some prominent position, the motto, "THE GOLDEN CITY OUR HOME," arranged in the manner given in the diagram. Cover the letters "OUR HOME" with paper or cloth, leaving the others exposed to view. As the different descriptions of "THE GOLDEN CITY" are recited, remove the coverings of the letters, and

when all are given, the full motto will be revealed; the motto may be placed upon a screen prepared especially for the occasion, or the blackboard may be used, the letters being written upon it as the exercise is recited.

Ques. We have had a Scriptural description of "The Golden City;" how do the poets describe it?

O.

1st Scholar. As our Father's House.

There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

(Removes covering from O.)

U.

2nd Scholar. As Unfading.

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

(Removes covering from U.)

R.

O, where shall rest be found —
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

(Removes covering from R.)

H.

4th Scholar. As Holy.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

(Removes covering from H.)

O.

5th Scholar. As Our Hope.

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

(Removes covering from O.)

M.

6th Scholar. As Many Mansions.

Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me ;
There, there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be?

Immortal wonders ! boundless things
In those dear worlds appear ;
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

(Removes covering from M.)

E.

7th Scholar. As Everlasting.

We there shall ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
While heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

(Removes covering from E.)

8th Scholar. Our Home.

My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

O, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love —
 The bright inheritance of sairts,
 My glorious home above.

SINGING: "Happy Home." *Pure Gold*,
 p. 24.

RECITATION.

THE LAND OF THE SOUL.

Far, far away o'er the sea of Time
 There lieth a Land of the Soul;
 And flowers of rare beauty bloom in that clime,
 And its rivers sweep by with a musical chime;
 And the love of the days of old,
 That gladdened my life in its summer-time,
 Rests there in the Land of the Soul —
 The beautiful Land of the Soul.

And ofttimes when faint and with dark fears oppressed
 I long for the Land of the Soul;
 Where earth's weary pilgrims enjoy sweet rest,
 And grief, sin, nor sorrow can never molest;
 And I think of its pleasures untold,
 That shall render my life for evermore blest,
 In the beautiful Land of the Soul —
 The glorious Land of the Soul.

And many and dear are the friends I shall meet
 In the far bright Land of the Soul;
 And with kisses and smiles my loved ones I'll greet,
 And happily I'll roam through the heavenly streets —
 The streets that are paved with gold;
 And fondly I'll rest at the Master's feet,
 Who reigneth o'er all in the Land of the Soul —
 The immortal Land of the Soul.

Ques.—What is said of its glory?

Ans.—And I saw no temple therein; for

the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved, shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—Rev. 21 : 22-27.

Ques.—Who are the inhabitants?

Ans. Little Children.—Mark 10 : 13—16.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them, and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Christ's followers.—John 14 : 1—3.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Those that seek God.—Matt. 6 : 33.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all those things shall be added unto you.

Blessed of God.—Matt. 25 : 34—36.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Those that love God.—1 Cor. 2 : 9.

But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Ques.—What will be the occupation of the redeemed in Heaven?

Ans.—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living-creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands:

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

And the four living-creatures said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever.—Rev. 5: 11-14.

“ They tell us there’s a city bright,
Above the starry sky,
And not a soul that dwells therein,
Was ever known to cry.
And there they say the river of life
Flows ever fresh and clear,
And on its banks that wond’rous tree
That bears fruit all the year.

There “ Holy, holy is the Lord,”
Bursts from the angelic choir,
And angel harpers tune their harps
To songs that never tire.
And on the throne the Saviour sits,
A rainbow round his head,
And at his feet a joyous band,
Who praise him day and night.”

SINGING:—"The Beautiful Shore." *Pure Gold*, p. 124.

RECITATION.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river there lieth
A city wond'rous fair,
And never the eye of mortal
Hath looked on the glories there.
But the whispering angels that gather
At times round each heart, have told
Strange tales to me of beauty
That brightens the City of Gold.

The gates are of pearl-white jasper,
The walls are of amethyst,
As bright as the clouds of summer,
By the sunset glory kissed;
And the streets of this far-a-way city
Are paved with the purest gold,
And a tithe of its wond'rous beauty,
No poet ever told.

Often in dreams I see it,
Lying so far away,
And I catch the sound of singing,
And hear the harpers play.
And my heart goes out in longing
To the city so wond'rous fair,
For we all have missed some loved ones,
And I know we shall find them there.

Ques.—Will there be any hunger and thirst there?

Ans.—They shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat.

For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. 7: 16, 17.

Ques.—Any sickness or sorrow?

Ans.—And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away.—Rev. 21: 4.

Ques.—Any weariness or trouble?

Ans.—There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.—Job 3: 17.

RECITATION.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

There is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;—
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.
When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete :
There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene.
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

Ques.—What is said of the duration of happiness there ?

Ans.—But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst : but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.—John 4 : 14.

He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life.—John 3 : 36.

And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.—John 10 : 28.

The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. 6 : 23.

To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.—1 Peter, 1 : 4.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

FOR FIVE GIRLS.

AT THE GATE.

FIRST GIRL.

"There's a gate at the close of the pathway of life,
That leads it is said to the land of the blest;
But the mists hide the country beyond from our sight,
And over the portal is written "rest."
And an angel with folded wings doth wait,
At the gate, at the gate.

SECOND GIRL.

"Those most beloved we have seen draw nigh,
Till the portals shadow is over them cast,
And the angel has opened the gate with a sigh,
And away, like a beautiful dream they have passed.
In vain have we watched for them early and late,
At the gate, at the gate.

THIRD GIRL.

"We have stretched out our hands to clasp theirs once again;
We have sought for those eyes that have answered our own;
We have called on each loved name, so fondly, and then
We have waited in vain for a look or a tone.
And we've mourned, as the lost dove mourns for its mate,
At the gate, at the gate.

FOURTH GIRL.

"And we know that we, too, soon the portals shall gain,
And in the dark shadow shall lingering stand;
Our eyes gazing back on life's pleasure and pain,
But our hands stretching out to that radiant land.
We shall linger, it matters not, sooner or late,
At the gate, at the gate.

FIFTH GIRL.

“And the angel will open the gate, and will guide
Our worn wandering feet to the country of peace;
And with those we have loved we shall ever abide,
And all our lone waitings and watchings shall cease,
Where the angels with folded wings doth wait,
At the gate, at the gate.”

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Superintendent and School recite alternate.

Supt.—Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.—Psa. 48: 1.

School.—Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.
—Psa. 48: 2, 3.

SING: *Tune Arlington:*

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Supt.—Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof.—Psa. 48: 12.

School.—Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces ; that ye may tell it to the generation following.—Psa. 48 : 13.

Supt.—For this God is our God for ever and ever : he will be our guide even unto death.—Psa. 48 : 14.

SING :

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Supt.—Sing praises to the Lord which dwelleth in Zion : declare among the people his doings.—Psa. 9 : 11.

School.—The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.—Psa. 146 : 10.

Supt.—Praise the Lord, O, Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates, he hath blessed thy children within thee.—Psa. 147 : 12, 13.

School.—Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion ! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.—Psa. 14 : 7.

School and Congregation sing :

REST FOR THE WEARY.

In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest ;
There the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory ;
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an antrance through.

CHORUS.

There is rest, etc.





POETICAL SELECTIONS

FOR ADULT SCHOLARS.





POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR ADULT SCHOLARS.

CARRYING HOME THE SHEAVES.

List! oh, list to the reapers this quiet summer eve,
Gathering in the harvest, binding up the sheaves.
List to the rush of the sickle, cutting the golden grain;
Sinewy hands and hardy wield them not in vain.
Deep in the valley the sunset glows on the glistening leaves,
Shines on the dark-browed maidens carrying home the sheaves.
Kissed by the breeze and the sunshine, loved by the flowers and
birds,
Heart in whose wild recesses, beautiful dreams are stirred,
Stands the fairest of reapers, red lips slightly apart,
While gushes of plaintive music flow from her overcharged
heart.
Sings she, "Oh, life is dreary here on these summer eves,
I grow so weary, weary, carrying home the sheaves."
"For the whirling rush of the sickles, quivering through my
brain,
Stirs up a world of fancies, never to sleep again.
I dream of courts and castles, gateways of gold and pearls,
Laurel wreaths proudly resting on the brow of the peasant girl
Life is so very dreary here on these summer eves,
I grow so weary, weary, carrying home the sheaves.

Thoughts that are bright, though painful, struggle within my
breast ;

Life is both sweet and baneful — I am not like the rest.
Would I could word my longings, sunder this weary chain,
Fly from this quiet valley, these sheaves of golden grain.
Life is so very dreary here on these summer eves,
I grow so weary, weary, carrying home the sheaves."

"Maiden, thou art not lonely ; many like thee there are,
Stifling their aspirations, still with their souls at war.
All through this life's great harvest wander a sorrowing train,
Knowing full well their mission, but wearing a clogging chain.
Many the hearts that are saying, this quiet summer eve,
Oh, I am weary, weary, carrying home the sheaves.

"Maiden, we all are reapers, workers in this great strife ;
Let us not then be sleepers, but on to the spirit's life.
God hears our cry, my sister, He will gather the ripened grain
Up in his broad heaven-garner, where life will be free from
pain.

Wait, with no thought of sadness, till on some heavenly eve,
Come we with songs or gladness, carrying home the sheaves."

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where in all beauty death's fingers are laid ;
Weary with mingling life's bitter with sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in,
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us the light,
Weary of sowing and never to reap,
Weary of labor and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore :
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials and taking some rest;
Yes, there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

BABY'S GONE TO SLEEP.

There's a little pair of hands,
Laid to rest forever more;
There's two pearly dimpled cheeks,
Whose rich blossoming is o'er;
Death has sealed two little eyes,
That will no more smile or weep,
Tiny windows of the soul,
Little baby's gone to sleep.

There's another bud removed,
Ere it felt the blight of sin;
Thro' the door the angels made,
Darling baby has passed in;
Far beyond the azure skies,
Where the tiny star-eyes peep;
From all earth's sad doubts and fears,
Little baby's gone to sleep.

She will wake in fairer lands,
Where the angel voices sing;
There the floweret shall expand,
There shall love perfection bring.
She has reached the golden shore,
Thro' the river deep and cold;
Angels bore her safely there,
Little baby's gone to sleep.

Angels bore her safely home;
So for her we may not weep;
Softly to the door-way come,
Little baby' gone to sleep,
She has only gone to sleep.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee —
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day —
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, come night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee —
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again:
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor :
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more ;
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky —
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah ! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head ;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown ;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead !

“HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.”

Bending o'er our baby's cradle,
Filled with an awful dread,
Lowly came the whisper,
“Dear wife, our child is dead.”
Swift ceased my heart from beating —
Would it beat again no more?
Yet through the blank, the whisper
Seemed repeated o'er and o'er.

All through that day of torture,
And seeming endless night,
My lips were often moved in prayer,
But never once aright.
I would not pray for strength to bear
This trial He had sent ;
But madly asked the jewel back,
Which He had only lent.

But tired at last with grieving,
And praying fruitless prayer,
He kindly sent sweet slumber,
To banish earthly care.
And in my slumbers, God-like,
He sent me sweetest rest ;
For in dreams I saw my darling
Pressed to her Saviour's breast.

And somewhere from the distance
Came a soft, sweet voice to me,
Saying, "Know thy child is cared for,
Though it may not come to thee."
Then o'er my troubled spirit
Such blessed calm there fell,
My soul caught up the glad refrain,
"He doeth all things well!"

AN EMPTY SPOOL.

An empty spool in my work-box,
An empty spool unnamed;
Ah, me! what memories cluster
Around this spool unclaimed.
Like the spool, my heart is empty,
Like it my empty room;
Ah, me! all the world seems empty,
Except one little tomb.
Where is the bright-haired baby
That tip-toed at my stand,
And earnestly watch'd th' unwinding,
With eager, outstretched hand!
Ah! those rosy little fingers,
That claimed it as their own,
How still they are, all folded
Beneath a marble stone!
And the feet so pink and restless,
That often pattering came,
If perchance there might be "another
'Most empty spool'" to claim;
Those musical feet, so tiny,
In shoes of brightest red;
Ah! my room is empty, silent,
Without their merry tread.
And those eyes so blue and dancing,
That sparkled at the sight
Of an empty spool in my work-box, —

How quenched their azure light!
And the rippling laugh, so merry,
I ne'er shall hear it more,
As the empty spool went rolling
Across my chamber floor.

Like the spool, my heart is empty,
Like the spool, my empty room;
Ah, me! all the world seems empty,
Except one little tomb.
Yet, no! sweet memories linger,
E'en empty spools may start;
And they fill the earth with sweetness,
And fill this lonely heart.

THE LEAF'S MISSION.

A heartsease one bright autumn day
Was nodding in an idle way,
Its stem, so graceful and so tall —
The proudest heartsease of them all —
When, rustling on the autumn air,
An oak leaf fluttered here and there.
Quite crisp and brown, a great old leaf —
Quite big and brown beyond belief —
A dismal worthless-looking thing.
The heartsease wondered what could bring
A thing so rumpled up and dry,
And ugly, as it fluttered by;
And when, at last, a breath of air
Brought it quite near, she whispered, "Where,
Do tell me where you mean to go,
And what can make you rustle so,
And what you mean to do? To me
It seems you are too old to be
Of any use at all. Pray go;
You cannot be of good, I know."

The old leaf dried and cast away,
Sighed sadly, saying, "Heartsease gay,

You will not always purple be;
I once was proud and fair as thee,
And used to help the great old oak
A shade to make — the storm but broke
My stem, and here you see me low;
But good I yet may do I know,
For every leaf, though young or old,
Can do a little, I am told;
And though I cannot see the way,
I rustle lightly while I may,
And wait, quite sure the winds that blow
Will teach me just the way to go,
For even I, so brown you see,
A little good must surely be."

That night the heartsease's purple vest
Lay tattered on her shivering breast;
The torrents of the autumn swept
Each vestige that the woods had kept
Of summer, and the frozen blast
No mercy felt in whistling past.

"Alas, I die," the heartsease sighed;
So ends my little day of pride;
If some leaf, like one I saw to-day,
Would only drift along this way,
And wrap me in its sheltering breast,
I might live, and sleep, and rest
Till spring" — when lo! while yet she spoke,
An old brown leaf the silence broke,
And whispered, "Heartsease, live and see
That all things of some use may be.
I knew if I would only try,
Some good I yet might be — I die
Upon thy breast thy life to be,
To give thee warmth, my life to thee."

So when the spring in beauty broke,
And flowrets from their slumber woke,
The leaf was gone; but there, instead,
The heartsease waved its purple head.

FATHER, LEAD ON.

My Father God, lead on!
Calmly I follow where thy guiding hand
Directs my steps. I would not trembling stand,
 Though all before the way
 Is dark as night, I stay
 My soul on thee, and say,
Father, I trust thy love ; lead on.

Just as thou wilt ; lead on !
For I am as a child, and know not how
To tread the starless path whose windings now
 Lie hid from mortal ken.
 Although I know not when
 Sweet day will dawn again,
Father, I wait thy will ; lead on.

I ask not why ; lead on !
Mislead, thou canst not. Though through days of grief
And nights of anguish, pangs without relief
 Or fears that would o'erthrow
 My faith, thou bidst me go.
 Thy changeless love, I know,
Father, my soul will keep ; lead on.

With thee is light ; lead on !
When dank and chill at eve the night-mists fall,
O'erhanging all things like a dismal pall,
 The gloom with dawn hath fled !
 So, though 'mid shades I tread,
 The dayspring o'er my head,
Father, from thee shall break ; lead on.

Thy way is peace ; lead on !
Made heir of all things, I were yet unblest.
Didst thou not dwell with me and make me rest
 Beneath the brooding wing
 That thou dost o'er me fling,
 Till thou thyself shalt bring,
Father, my spirit home ; lead on.

Thou givest strength ; lead on !
I cannot sink while thy right hand upholds,
Nor comfort lack while thy kind arm enfolds.

Through all my soul I feel
A healing influence steal,
While at thy feet I kneel,
Father, in lowly trust : lead on.

'Twill soon be o'er ; lead on !
Left all behind, earth's heartaches then shall seem
E'en as memories of a vanished dream ;
And when of griefs and tears
The golden fruit appears,
Amid the eternal years,
Father, all thanks be thine ! Lead on !

THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

"Where have you been, little Margie, the whole of this bright
June day ?

Dancing about in the meadows, watching the lambs at play ?
Mocking the birds in the green wood — hearing the brook's
faint song,

Or up 'mid the hillside roses, did your little feet stray so
long ? "

"No, mother, not in the meadow, nor yet by singing rill,
That goes and grows till it gets so strong that it runs the old
brown mill :

Not where the birds are flitting, and the hillside flowers are
fair,

And the butterflies and honey-bees go droning through the
air.

"I was down in the church-yard, mother, where the grass
grows rank and tall,

And the ivy vine with fingers fine, creeps over the old church
wall :

Where the sunshine seems all fastened out by the trees that
grow so high,
And there's never a sound to be heard all day, but the wind's
soft lullaby.

"And, mother, I know what makes the flowers grow every-
where so bright,
For while I was resting on the grass I saw the loveliest sight!
I had shut my eyes to think awhile, and when I opened them
wide,
A lady in white with shining wings, stood smiling at my
side!

"She kissed me with her soft, red lips, and I wasn't *one bit*
afraid!
For her face was kind, and her floating wings such pleasant
music made;
Her trailing robes shone like the stars, and a crown of roses
fair,
Woven with purple violets, was resting in her hair!

"Then she walked away with quiet smiles, and at every step
there grew
The loveliest flowers you ever saw, of every shape and hue;
Her white, white feet, as she moved away, scarce bent the
blades of grass,
And I knew by the music in the air, I had seen an *angel*
pass!

And *that's* the way the sweet flowers grow; 'tis where those
holy feet
Walk softly o'er the pleasant fields, and through the mead-
ows sweet;
And, don't you guess that the dew-drops are tears that the
angels cry
For the roses rare, and the children fair, that grow, and fade
and die?

"To-night when the twinkling stars come out, and the moon
shines clear and bright,

I think she will surely come this way with her trailing robe
of light,
And the morning show sweet blossoms, ready for June's soft
showers,
Made by the noiseless footsteps of the angel of the flowers."

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

"Make me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand,
The niche is waiting — go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command,
And went upon his way:
He had no marble, but he went,
With willing hands, and high intent,
To mold his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain,
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood still;
The third day all was well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He wrought his Master's will.

At last his life-long work was done —
It was a happy day;
He took his statue to the King,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

Where is my statue?" asked the King.
"Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But lacking that, what could I do
But mold in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best :
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed ;
The clay falls off, and lo !
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel pure as snow !

THE TEMPLE OFFERING.

"The last shall be first, and the first last."

The rich man took from the purple fold
Of his robe a piece of shining gold,
Cast in the gift, a treasure rare,
And then passed on with a lordly air,
As he thought of merit justly won,
By his noble deed, so nobly done.
The widow followed, with lowly mien,—
A respectful space was placed between,—
Cast in two mites, and her thought seemed bold,
When she wished their worth as the shining gold.
The rich man rolled in his state away,
Drawn by his charger, sleek and gray.
The widow her lowly pathway trod,
And her heart was filled with the thought of God,
Of the loving-kindness that gave her all
She had ever prized, and her gift seemed small.
Long years have passed, and the rich man's name
Were lost, were it not for the widow's fame.

- His deed without love, so cold and dead,
Had sunk in the waves of time as lead.
- Her humble gift was a seed with wings,
And rich the harvest that from it springs.
- Her wish that the baser coin were gold,
Had been fulfilled a thousand fold.
- So the promise comes, we know not how,
And the widow's mite are millions now.
- The rich man's deed is but seen afar,
The shadow that follows the widow's star,
- Which adown the ages still shall shine,
To show the wisdom and grace divine,
- Of Him who reckons each deed apart,
Not by worth of metal, but warmth of hearth.
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LITTLE MARY'S WISH.

I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, "Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true";
So I've wished such a beautiful thing!

I thought I would like to ask something for you,
But I couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want while you had all these beautiful things,
Besides, you have papa and me!

So I wished for a ladder so long that 'twould stand,
One end by your own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against heaven's white floor.

Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes,
And I'd find some white roses to take up to God—
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

And you and dear papa would sit on the ground
And kiss me and tell me "Good bye":
Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
'Till I came to the door in the sky!

I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight!
If but one little crack I could see,
I would whisper, "Please God, let this little girl in;
She's as tired as e'er she can be!

She came all alone from the earth to the sky;
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of Heaven with their robins and flowers,
Please, God, is there room there for me?

And then when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, "Bring the little child here."
But he'd speak it so softly I'd not be afraid;
And he'd smile just like you, mother dear!

He would put his kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
O dear! don't you wish 'twould come true?

The next spring time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grasses and flowers,
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child
For her flight to the summer land,
In a fair white robe with one snow white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now, at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top appears.

LITTLE MARGERY.

Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes,
Peeping through the tangled hair,
"Now I lay me — I'm so tired —
Auntie, God knows all my prayer;
He'll keep little Margery."

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith
Shining in the childish breast
Always be so clear and bright?
Will God always know the rest,
Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come — this faith of yours —
Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
Owning all God's ways are just?
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark
You can see no step ahead,
Will you lay your hand in His,
Trusting by Him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
"God, my Father, knows the rest,
He'll take tired Margery?"

True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are dark and dim ;
But God knows the path you tread ;
I can leave you safe with him,
Always little Margery.

He will keep your childish faith,
Through your weary woman years,
Shining ever strong and bright,
Never dimmed by saddest tears,
Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet
To a yearning, restless soul ;
We pray in snatches, ask a part,
But God above us knows the whole,
And answers baby Margery.

GOD GIVETH US THIS GLORIOUS WORLD.

God giveth us this glorious world,
- Its sunbeams and its showers,
Its trees with vernal beauty crowned,
And brightly blooming flowers.
The swelling plains, where waves the grass
Like billows of the sea,
As summer breezes o'er it pass
On pinions soft and free.

He giveth us the welcome day, —
The golden sun whose beams
Break through the dusky shades of night
Like Hope's celestial gleams.
And peaceful eve, whose crown outvies
The richest diadems, —
For heaven's own jewels glitter there
Ten thousand, thousand gems.

God giveth us the countless streams,
Whose silver waters flow

Through flowery field and verdant plain
 With music sweet and low ; —
 The mount, that to the lofty skies
 Its towering head uplifts ! —
 Above, below, and everywhere,
 Are our Creator's gifts.

He giveth us a heart to love
 All that he here hath made,
 But asks that at *his* shrine alone
 Our *homage* should be paid.
 Yet, O, the base ingratitude
 Of man's rebellious soul, —
 He stoops to be the slave of sin,
 Yields to its vile controul !

Strange that the goodness God displays,
 In his creative powers,
 Should fail so oft to rouse to life
 The gratitude of ours.
 Strange that on earth's inferior things,
 As grovelling as the sod,
 Man wastes the freshness of a mind
 Immortal as its God.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me," — say it, darling,
 "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O'er her folded finger tips.
 "Down to sleep ;" "To sleep," she murmured,
 And the curly head dropped low ;
 "I pray the Lord," I gently added,
 "You can say it all I know."
 "Pray the Lord " — the words came faintly,
 Fainter still — "my soul to keep."
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my heavenly Father.
He who hears my feeblest cry.

DAISY'S PRAYER.

Darling little Daisy,
With her golden hair,
Sitting at the table,
In her own high chair.

Closed the dewy eyelids,
Over blue eyes bright ;
Drooped the golden flashes
Over cheeks so white.

Bent above the table,
Little head so fair :
Daisy's supper's waiting
Till she says her prayer.

So she clasps her fingers
As when wont to pray ;
" O, dear me," sighs Daisy,
" What does papa say? "

Lower bows her forehead,
O'er the table then ;
And she whispers softly,
" Jesus' sake, Amen.

Darling little Daisy,
With your winsome face,
May the blessed Saviour
Daily give his grace.

May you never venture
Any path to take,
Till you've asked God's blessing,
For dear Jesus' sake.

From all sin and wandering
May good angels keep;
And at last in Jesus,
May you fall asleep.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh,
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden cu

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient, and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail: God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seek no angel's silver wings,
But shines in it, this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing.

O, mother laugh your merry note,
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a place in Eden yet.

“HE LEADETH ME.”

“In pastures green?” Not always; sometimes **He**,
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this — I know he holds my hand;
So, whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by “still waters?” No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul; “Lo, it is I.”

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
“Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day
In every path of thine I lead the way.”

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, — what matter? He is *there*.

So where He leads me, I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling white-robed, for their rest;
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children —
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slants the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

“If we die” — so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow:)
“Take our souls;” and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listen at the gates of life;
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;

We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foeman there,
Find a deeper, 'broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

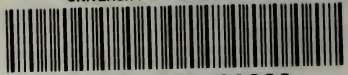
When your hands shall grasp this standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies.

When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.



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